THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LX, No. 9 August 1, 1928

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The Gist of It

FORD may, quite unintentionally, be the end of the I.W.W. Not Henry Ford, but Lizzie. For harvest-by-Ford has all but displaced the old gangs of hobos who bummed their way on a freight, joined the Wobblies and made the harvesting of the great western crops the most picturesque labor operation in America. The new men driving their own cars are different—just how different is well told by John J. Hader, who came in close contact with them as a special agent for the U. S. Department of Labor. He has made industrial studies for the government, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the Institute for Social and Religious Research and is now on the staff of The Inquiry. Page 453.

IN this year of a presidential election when all men are oratorically assured of their equality, it may be well to draw some rough distinctions. Such as, for instance: a hobo is a man who travels and works; a tramp is a man who travels but does not work; a bum is a man who neither travels nor works. But that is only the beginning of it, for of the hobos alone there are five types. ARTHUR E. HOLT tells of them from personal contacts and study. He is professor of social ethics at the Divinity School of Chicago University and the Chicago Theological Seminary, following earlier years as social service secretary of the Congregational churches. His five books deal with labor and social problems and the church. Page 456.

ONE of the little group of Americans who went to Russia with the determination that the peasants shall share in the easing of heavy burdens which machinery has brought to more favored growers of food, KARL BORDERS writes at first-hand of what a Yankee contraption means in an ancient wheat field. He is at present a resident of Chicago Commons. Page 461.

THE Romanzas from Mexico made a bad fist of their Americanizing. But luck was with them when their ancient flivver gave its last gasp in front of the house of a visiting nurse. And a nurse who could tell their altogether delightful story. ALICE EVANS CRUZ has been on the nursing staff of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in southern California for seven years, following earlier experience with the Chicago Visiting Nurse Association, the Army Nurse Corps during the War, and her training at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Page 468.

IN this mid-summer issue, ROSSA B. COOLEY brings to a conclusion her articles on Penn School, of which she is principal, and chief instigator of its unique education from the cradle and the corn-field up. This chapter deals with the education, or rather re-education, of the grown-ups. Can the small farmer hold his land in the face of competition? Can the land hold the farmer when outsiders bid up the price and cities offer wages that seem high to a countryman? Page 470.

ANYONE who reads page 475 must hold FRANK A. WAUGH under suspicion of having a seeing eye for the out-of-doors and that flexible muscle alongside the midriff which enables a man to go on paddling comfortably until dark, even on a long July day. He describes himself as "a hack writer" who "likes to see some sort of check coming in," which of course is pure nonsense from a contributor to The Survey. When not employed in watching for the letter-carrier with the checks, he is professor of horticulture and landscape gardening at the Massachusetts Agricultural College and the author of many books in his field—or should we say garden?

IT may now be told that PAUL U. KELLOGG is the editor of The Survey (page 476); JOHN PALMER GAVIT (page 479) and LEON WHIPPLE (page 483) are associate editors; and HALLE SCHAFFNER (page 482) is a staff member concerned chiefly with Survey book reviews and with following, a little out of breath, the activities of her youngsters in the art work at Walden School, which she so deftly describes.

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THE BACK PORCH

Etching by Harold Denison

Mr. Denison is a young man who knows farm life in the eastern states and that not from boyhood memories; he lives at Boston Corners, Columbia County, New York. He has shown his faith in the artistic possibilities of his surroundings by a series of etchings: the back porch, shown above, the summer workshop and livingroom of every farm; the the country auction, still the greatest of "general stores"; the annual picnic, which brings together the whole community; industry and gossip combined over the whetstone; rural hospitality dispensed at the cider keg; Saturday night in the village square. These scenes may seem like pages from an old album to the urban dweller, who takes his country at fifty miles an hour—until vacation-time comes; then he creeps to the edge of the picture to find it little changed.

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THE SURVEY
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Honk Honk Hobo

By JOHN J. HADER

"ROW, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream."

To this tune the Kiwanis Club was adding joviality to its Monday luncheon at the Commercial Club of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Across the street on a sand lot, Pat and Slim, two hoboes of the old school, were philosophizing on life and the quality of mulligan stew that was being prepared in the mess tent for harvest hands who came into town without a stake. While the thrifty members of the Aberdeen Kiwanis Club were singing of the joys of drifting, Pat and Slim were doing it. They were waiting, as always they had done in harvest days of the past, for a farmer to come to town and hire them, and then maybe—if they were not indisposed and felt just right—they would go out and work for a couple of days, and if they didn't, well the American Legion was serving free stew twice a day and in between times they could always play a friendly game of penny-ante and swap yarns.

The singing across the street had stopped when in front of the Commercial Club was heard the rattle and chugging of a well-traveled Ford. It was stripped of fenders and top and had no body. Two seats, transplanted from a larger and more costly car, hung over the frame like a pack-saddle on a camel. Back of the seats was a trunk piled high with bedding wrapped in a tent, while from one side of the mud-spattered chassis hung a lantern, from the other a desert water-bag. As the motor stopped with a snort and a kick-back as though to say "at last," two sunburned youths stepped off with broad Stetsons and smiles. "Yep, we made 'er up from Texas." It was a different Pat and Slim, two harvesters of the new type who, with thousands of others, were making the wheat harvest in their cars.

In truth, the streets of Aberdeen were filled with cars of harvest hands from states all the way from Delaware and California—Fords, most of them, with an occasional Dodge, Chevrolet or Overland, while the fortunate few rose as high in the social scale as to travel in an old Buick, or perhaps a Hudson. Many had "made 'er up from Texas." Most of them had come in just to see the town and as soon as they had filled up with gas and oil they would be out on the road again looking for a job, for the harvest was well under way. The going wage in Aberdeen was at the time $3.50 and not a few were off at once and on to North Dakota, hoping for higher pay.

What was true of Aberdeen had been equally true earlier in the season of the Kansas towns and was to be followed at Fargo. Whence this sudden horde of men in cars, and why had they come, and what did it mean to the labor problem of the Middle West? The wheat harvest, the alluring big adventure in American farm labor had drawn them—old and young, from every conceivable occupation, with tales of high wages and hopes of a big winter's stake. Even two years ago, competent officials of the U. S. Department of Labor estimated that the harvesting and threshing in Kansas was done by men of whom at least 65 per cent had traveled in their own cars. One special agent in the northwestern part of Kansas reported that 90 per cent of the men in his district were traveling that way. And remember that to harvest a good crop, Kansas requires at least forty thousand men.

It is from many highways that the harvest hands pour into the wheat belt.

(Above) Hoboes waiting for free mulligan stew (Below) Without fenders or body, and laden with bedding, trunks, a lantern, a tent and a desert water-bag

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But as the winter wheat is finished in the southern area and these "gasoline knights" head north for the Dakotas, the new highway bridge across the Missouri River at Yankton is the neck of the bottle.

"Yep, we made 'er up from Texas"

At the height of the travel, when Kansas has released her men, the bridge officials have tallied as many as 2,000 crossing in cars in three days in mid-summer, and 6,440 in a month, carried in 2,146 cars, or an average of three men per car. All along the line the reports are to the effect that the harvest hobo of old is no more and that in his place is this new type of migrant.

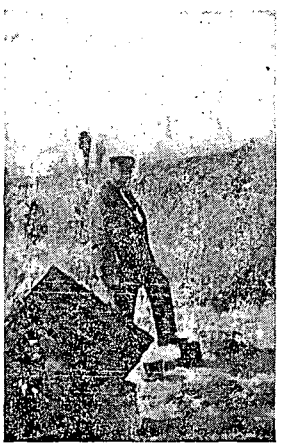
WHO are these new knights of the road, these parvenus in the labor world who drive so proudly along in a tin Lizzie to the dismay of the old-time hobo, or bundle stiff, trudging wearily along, or waiting in the jungle for a freight to roll in? Who are these aristocrats who disdain their company, the social game and the jungle stew, so that the Wobblies cursed in dismay that all of labor had gone capitalist and would no longer listen to their anathemas?

Figures of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and of the U. S. Employment Service show that the greater part of the men making the harvest come from Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas, the number from each state varying according to crop and employment conditions. The Yankton bridge checks showed that 70 per cent of the men in cars came from Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. This was accounted for by George E. Tucker, field director of the U. S. Employment Service, by the fact that the railroads in these three states had refused absolutely to let any of the men ride the freight trains to the harvest. In 1925, the Missouri Pacific, that had for years carried harvest hands by the thousands, joined with other roads in saying that the harvest rates would allow the men to travel and that by enforcing the law, it could cut down accidents with consequent loss of life and damage suits. Men caught on the trains in Kansas were given a ninety-day sentence while Oklahoma and Nebraska were also severe.

Bundle stiffs

When some of the men from outside the wheat belt found they could not travel via the side-door Pullman, they went back home. Others however, in large numbers, adjusted themselves to the new situation. In twos, threes and fours they chipped in and bought an old car at a price from five dollars up. In a good many cases the car belongs to one man, and his passengers pay enough so that the owner rides free! Eight days in Oklahoma, two weeks in Kansas and then a hop across Nebraska into South Dakota for another two weeks before making for the Red River Valley of North Dakota, or out into the northwestern part of the state so as to be ready to move into Canada by the first of September—such is the program attempted.

This auto-migration is introducing a new element of men, growing numbers of mechanics, skilled and unskilled workers above the common-labor group, students and farmers' sons who, finishing up the harvest at home, give a twist to the crank and are on their way. The automobile adds just the proper amount of pleasure to the harvest adventure to attract the young men who "want to see the country." That is by far the most frequent reply to the question of why had they come. They have the zest and companionship of a joint venture among friends. They camp out at night, save hotel bills, cook their own meals and stop to fish along the road while waiting for the gumbo surface to dry. To young fellows out for the first time, or students earning a part of the winter's college expenses, harvest-by-Ford is a true hiatus. They trim the car accordingly with humorous bits in paint or chalk: "Danger, 10,000 Jolts"—"Three More Payments and She's Ours to Love and Cherish"—"Wanted a Sweetheart"—rivaling the Auto Gypsy whose car, loaded with baggage and children, carried its destination where all might see it—"Heaven Is Our Home."



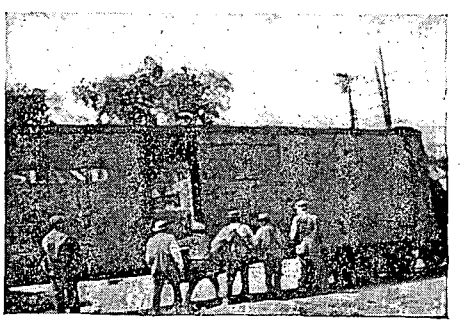
A "jungle" raid

More, they can hire out directly to the farmer by driving right to his place. They thus avoid waiting and running up expenses in the cities. They can quit when they want to, and are not dependent on the farmer to haul them to and from the nearest town which may be twenty-five miles away. "Expenses are less, we earn more, and see more country; then why shouldn't we go by automobile?"

But the harvest-by-Ford method has its drawbacks. When too great a distance is covered without stopping off to work, the party may "go broke." Then they needs must take what work they can get to earn enough to buy gasoline. A breakdown or accident also causes loss of time and money not experienced by those who go the old way.

The significance of this development of the harvest fields is measured best in terms of its effect upon the four groups concerned, the harvest laborers, the farmers, the U. S. Employment Service and the I. W. W. Mention has been made of the compensations in store for the first group for the long hours of heavy work under a beating sun.

Many farmers ask at the employment agencies for men with cars, believing that they get a better type of men and get them without having to take a half day off to go to town for a crew. Further, because



All aboard the "side-door Pullman"

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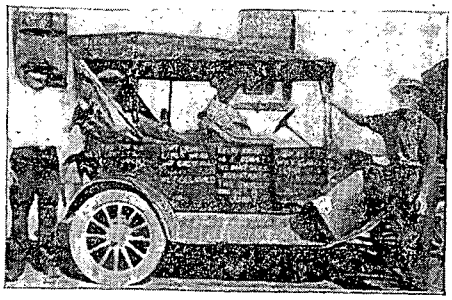
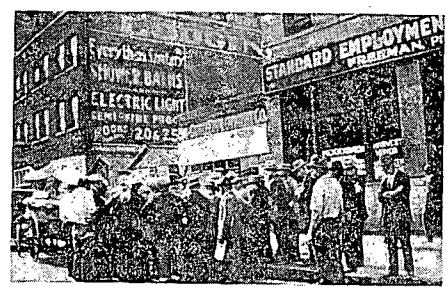


Auto-migration brings new types

of their mobility, it is argued that a better distribution of the labor supply is obtained. The men do not bunch up in the towns or at the railroad centers but scatter out over the territory. This makes for stable wages and tends to prevent the great fluctuations so often noticeable within a comparatively small area of the same state.

To the wheat farmer, the demand for labor has already been lessened by the use of small threshing outfits which require few men. Neighbors trade about in harvest time and a visiting car with its two to five men forms a block of labor for this demand. The outsiders are congenial to each other and there is less possibility of dissension in the ranks while the work is on. In hiring this way, the farmer does not run so great a risk of having his work interrupted by a strike.

To the U. S. Employment Service—the government agency which through the Farm Labor Division undertakes the task of directing the labor supply in the harvest areas—the change has called for a revision of the system for controlling the flow of men. Rounding up men by the hundreds in large cities like St. Louis, Kansas City and Minneapolis and shipping them on freights when they cannot pay their way, is no longer feasible on the scale formerly practiced. Sioux City, Iowa, for years known as the gateway to the harvest fields through which as many as ten thousand men each season were distributed to the Dakotas, has by comparison become a deserted village. Its place has been taken by Yankton, just sixty miles west on the south artery of highway travel, and the service men stationed there are country cousins to the traffic cops of the cities; for if the flow of men in cars is to be anything but haphazard and a fluttering about the country, they have to be reached on the highway. Of necessity, the change calls for an intensity of effort and a more detailed method of operation than before. Where at one time labor statistics and bulletins could be built up from men counted on the streets, in the jungles, or along the railroad tracks, they now have to be checked on the road so that at all times the drift can be determined as the men go north with the ripening of the grain.



The "smooth guy" gets the money

TO the I. W. W.—the agricultural workers' organization with a singular reputation—the problem is no less acute. Their tactics of force have boomeranged against them and the very men to whom their principles were offensive and who preferred to be thrown off the trains rather than join, are now going in cars. They do not gang up in the cities and job-action is the only resort left. Two men who appeared to be organizers were overheard agreeing that, "It's playing hell with us; we've got to go out and get next these fellows." Industrial Solidarity, the I. W. W. paper, vented its dissatisfaction with the "Gas Tramp" as follows:—

The most serious situation which confronted and still confronts the organization is the worker traveling by auto. Men obtain old cars of any description and proceed into the field, willing to work for any wages. All attempts to organize the men prove futile.

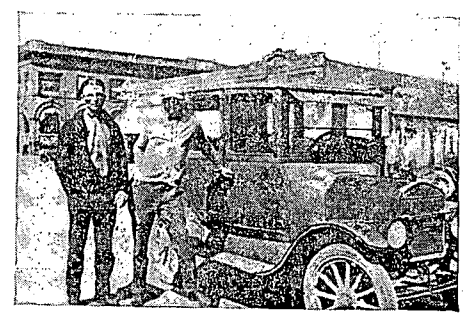
When a roving organizer is asked what the plan is for dealing with the situation, the questioner is met with a good deal of reticence. A seasoned and well-bewhiskered Wobbly, leaning on a railing in Aberdeen, said, "A chisel through the radiator, a sledge hammer on the cylinder head, will fix them."

AS a significant expression of the restless temper of the present day, the auto-harvester ranks with his contemporaries, the family migratories, or gasoline gypsies. The basic industrial demand which sets the migration going is kindred, but the social problem is different. Wheat harvesting is and will remain a man's job and the migratory families that makes the harvest are relatively few. A family-laborer system is not applicable as it is in the fruit-, berry- and cotton-picking. For the single man, it is a decidedly hopeful turn of events.

To those who are giving thought to the future of the labor supply in America's seasonal industries, there comes this question: With the constantly growing number of auto-migrants, will it be possible for the agencies of direction, the state and federal employment offices, so to coordinate the various seasonal occupations as to allow for definite schedules to be worked out, covering great belts of states, as California has attempted within the state? Can a certain number be routed up through the wheat harvest, make from there the lumber on the northwest coast, drop down to Oregon and California for the fruits, and thus make a complete yearly cycle? It is done now by many who only guess at the condition of the crops and the wages paid. In this way, might it not also be possible to establish minor cycles by shunting smaller groups off to the potato crop in Minnesota and Wisconsin, descending later into Iowa for the corn husking? All these questions are raised by this new facility of transportation and the rapid development of highways.

If the very nature of our industries compels itineracy, is it not up to us to see that the evils of casual labor are reduced to a minimum? Men in the U. S. Employment Service are working at the problem, but they alone cannot achieve much without a public conscience awakened to the conditions under which those who harvest our grain, pick our cotton and fruits, must live.

It goes without saying that any increase in the number of migratory workers is undesirable. A stable society cannot be built upon them. The man making the harvests in a car, however, is spared many of the contaminating influences of the earlier days.



The other side: $40 for repairs!

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'Bos

By A. E. HOLT

A SHORT distance west from my boyhood home was a section of land which had hard luck when the world was created and became a hollow instead of a hill. Into this hollow all the waste from the surrounding hills drifted and mingled with the bitter waters which oozed up from below. We called the place an alkali swamp. Now in every city in which I have lived is a place toward which all the social waste and drift flow. In one locality, it is called Pepper-sauce Bottoms; in another, Batter-cake Flats; in Chicago it is called Hobohemia. This is the human swamp of the lake city. In its cheap lodging-houses and restaurants, the Hobo finds food and shelter. In its second-hand stores he finds raiment. In its "hang-outs" he spends his leisure time. From thirty to fifty thousand of them made Chicago headquarters.

The hobo is a swamp dweller, but it is necessary to distinguish him from other denizens of the swamp. The hobo is not a tramp and he is not a bum. A hobo is a man who travels and works; a tramp is a man who travels but does not work; a bum is a man who neither travels nor works.

At the Hobo College the bums are looked upon as a pest. Some one once gave the college a large number of ancient, but easy, chairs which were used to seat the audience and which were often occupied by bums who had "carried the banner" all night and generally slept during the lectures. The managers contented themselves for a while with periodically throwing bums out into the street. Finally, at the suggestion of the hobos, they decided to abolish the easy chairs which were the source of attraction to the weary and foot-sore travelers of Madison Street. They broke all the easy chairs and burned them up, and in their stead placed very plain backless benches on which only a sober and wide-awake man can sit. If a man goes to sleep on one of these benches he automatically falls off and some one else gets his place. They are named the "anti-booze, anti-snooze church pews."

A recent poll of three hundred hobos assembled here, showed that about half came from the city and the rest from small towns and country; but practically all were English speaking. Chicago Commons must "carry on" in Polish, and Hull House must speak in many tongues, but the Hobo College is one of the few institutions whose lecturers can use the English language. Hobohemia is the land of graphic speech. If you are to understand it you need to know that:

The Main Stem in Chicago is West Madison Street;
The Slave Market is an employment agency;
Bug-house Square is Washington Square, the haunt of the soap-boxer;
The Jungle is the clump of trees by the side of the railroad which constitute the hobo's headquarters on the road;
Flop House is a place where one can get a bed on the floor;
Jiggers is a pretended affection which makes one the object of charity;
Panhandling is begging from the front door;
Mooching is begging from the back door;
The Bundle Stiff is the hobo who carries a bundle;
The Booze Hoister is the heavy drinker;
The Shovel Stiff is the man who works with a shovel;
The Rust Eater is the man who works on the railroad;
The Splinter Belly is the man who does rough carpenter work;
The Beach Comber is the sailor.

To a very large extent propagandist organizations have furnished the hobo with a philosophy of society which he has found it very easy to believe. When a man feels himself a failure he can blame others for his failure. This is comforting and sustains a man in his self-respect. To the hobo it is always pleasant to hear that the economic order has produced him and that nothing he can do will better his condition. Taking the old gospel hymns which the hobo knows from his early connection with the church or from the missions, the I. W. W. turned them into songs of mockery or protest. When the clergy come about, the hobos never tire of singing the following to the tune of In the Sweet Bye and Bye:

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

NOT only must we distinguish the hobo from the tramp and the bum; it is necessary to distinguish the migrant workers from each other. Jim Tully, clever writer on the experience of the hobo, warns us against the man who sees a forest and discovers the reptiles in the underbrush. I think I have graduated from the romantic period in my study of the migratory worker. There are, roughly speaking, five varieties of hobos.

The impulsive type is a group not hard to understand—we have all felt the "wanderlust." A far larger class than the impulsive type are those who are hobos through incompetence. Modern business demands skill, application, team work, control of temper and a high order of self-discipline. A great many men drop out of the game because they can't play it. They drift into that which requires little skill, no team work and permits of frequent vacation. The early experiences of Saul Levy may have been extreme but

Men That Don't Fit In

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still.
So they break the hearts of kith and kin
And roam the world at will.

They range the field and they weather the flood
And they climb the mountain crest.
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

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are eloquent of the total inability of many men on the road to apply themselves.

In my younger days, I worked on a farm and then worked for different farmers, sometimes a whole summer in one place. At that time I liked that work. Then I wandered around the country for a while, landed in Utica, New York, got pinched and they gave me a job on the highway. They paid me $5 a day and fixed it up so I could eat and sleep until I got my pay. I worked there about a week. Then I wandered around the state quite a bit and then went to New York City. I worked there for a furrier who paid me $10 a week to run errands. But I left in about a week. The reason I left was because he didn't pay me for the holidays when I didn't work, so I got disgusted and quit. That was Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. Then I got a job in a factory weaving curtains, where I stayed about a week. Then I worked about a week in a factory where they made soldiers' uniforms. My job was to turn sleeves inside out. I quit these jobs because the bosses were cranks. I could not tell them anything so I would get disgusted and quit.

In the front row, left to right: General Coxey, of "Coxey's Army" fame, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, and David A. Tullman, one-time head of Hobo College

Later Levy was in a reform school and in the army.

Of the third type of wanderer—those who are mentally deranged but harmless—there are not proportionately large numbers. Many of them have great causes they are defending. One man honestly believes that every time society kills a cow, which might give milk, or a hen which might lay an egg, the food supply of the world is by that much diminished. He consistently advocates the abolition of the Chicago stockyards. I received five special-delivery letters on successive days of which the following is a sample:

Dear Sir:

The right kind of religion can be used as a foundation for rebuilding a Garden of Eden on Earth.

By promoting a religion that will, in a few years time, convert the Earth into a Garden of Eden, it is possible for the Chicago Theological Seminary to enroll students by the millions from all parts of the world.

All of the poverty, disease, crime, war, famine, cyclones, tornadoes, floods and other forms of Hell on Earth today can be traced to the self-evident lack of intelligence, honesty and justice in the supervision of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

This educator and scientist would like to present information in detail concerning the contents of this letter and enclosed circular.

Yours for intelligence, honesty and justice in the supervision of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The fourth type are those who are as legitimate a part of the industrial order as the traveling man but have not the traveling man's protection. As one hobo expressed it, "In harvest time we are begged to come to town by the Chamber of Commerce. We stay until the harvest is over and then we are chased out of town by the cop." Even the state employment agencies which are supposed to help the unemployed, fall victim to the energy of the unscrupulous private agencies which capture the big jobs and charge the hobos an extravagant fee for their services. Tony, for example, had worked in the coal mines of southern Illinois since sixteen. When examined he was pale, haggard, depressed, shy and almost fearful. He had a look of defeat, was stoop-shouldered and downcast. He left school after the eighth grade, having made a fair record. His father had been killed in a mine and his brother died from injuries received in a mine. After his brother was killed at the age of eighteen, the superintendent let Tony take his brother's place, but six of the eleven mines in that district were shortly shut down.

"I can't get work here in Chicago nowhere," said Tony. "I tried all over and I can't get it. I don't want to be like these fellows here. They ain't got no home nor nothing. I don't like to be on the bum. I think I want to settle down and be a man when I get older. The best thing for me to do is to get work right away. I am getting lazy. Gee, if I don't get a job, I don't know what I'm going to do."

THE fifth class I call hobos by conviction. They are high-grade protestants who hear society's demand that they conform and refuse to do it. Not long ago there wandered into the Hobo College a professor in a western college whose insurgent-spirit has dislodged him from three institutions. On another evening there came to the meeting a college man who since graduation had been living by his labor among factory people, trying to find out how they lived. I call to mind a young fellow who told me how, arriving in Seattle in the winter of 1912-13 an outcast worker, he had drifted into that part of the city called the skid-road, and heard a man speaking from a box. "It wasn't long," he said, "before I was drinking in the message of a great hope, a plan of freeing the world from economic slavery, so amazing in its simplicity that it dazzled me." That was his

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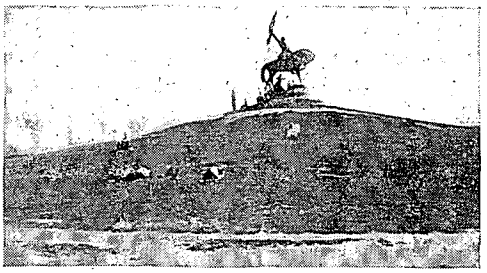
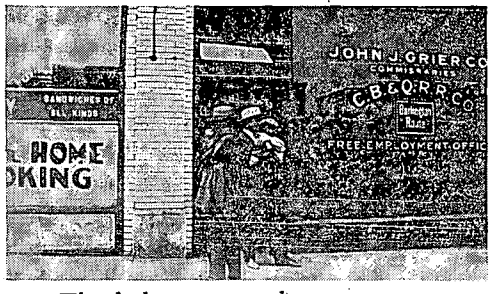
first I. W. W. meeting; he signed up, and the following summer, traveling east by box-car to the Dakota harvests, he heard of a free-speech fight at Minot, North Dakota. He made for it by the first freight and twelve hours later was himself being yanked off a soap-box, "speaking the message of freedom," and took part in the hunger strike that followed.



Hobos (there are five varieties) asleep in Grant Park, Chicago

If my analysis of the sources of unrest is correct, some people are migratory because they are creatures of impulse. They do not know what they want or they want what they have no business to want. Some are migratory because they are incompetent. They have never learned how to make themselves useful to society. Some are incompetent because of mental disorders. They belong to the minds distressed which have found no one with power to minister. Some are migratory because modern society has broken down the sense of neighborhood and the stake of a man in his job, and has established no more permanent attachment. Some men are migrants who want what they have a perfect right to want and can't get it. Some are migratory because, out of convictions which are deep rooted, they refuse to play the game.

Under it all, it is clear that modern industry seems increasingly to be turning our people into nomads. A recent study of the mobility of Seattle's population published in the Labor Review, reports as follows: "In the downtown sections of Seattle, only 44.2 of the total annual enrollment of the Central School were still there at the end of the year." In other words, 56 per cent of Seattle's school children in this district were migratory. The chief reasons given for moving were cited as "requirements of work, general economic reasons, search for work." The report further comments:

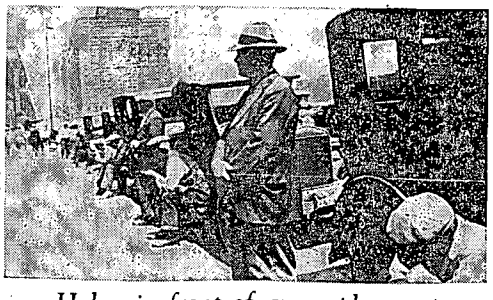


The hobo is not a bum or tramp but a man who travels and works

> Unless a social group can hold the support of a body of more or less permanent residents, that group will not be able to preserve its integrity; the home, the school, the church and state are finding it more and more difficult to retain the whole-hearted interest and loyalty necessary for proper functioning!

If this be true of the migrants who have families, how much more true is it of those homeless men who have no families, as brought out by the Committee of the Chicago Council of Social Agencies.

The problem of dealing with the migrant worker, as I see it, is a matter of social reorganization. It is evident that many a boy is launched on a migratory career out of an inadequate home life and because neighborhood contacts have been loosened. But it is evident most of all that the seasonal character of modern industry is developing a great army of wanderers. We need constructive efforts to stabilize employment. As Seebohm Rowntree, the cocoa manufacturer of York, England, put it, "Men are thrown aside as you chuck an orange peel after you have sucked the orange." The New York Mayor's Committee on the Prevention and Relief of Abnormal Unemployment recommended that manufacturers prepare against the necessity of closing down or seriously curtailing production at times of depression. There is the wildest kind of divergence between the policies of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, which has reduced labor turnover to a minimum, and a western steel company, which shipped its Negro workers up from the South by train loads in times of business inflation and later dismissed them in the same wholesale fashion when the deflation came.



Hobos in front of an employment bureau hoping for news of a job

Similarly, we must adopt a national agricultural program which will stabilize our agricultural population on the farm. I stood the other day in a poultry-packing establishment and watched the process whereby the feathers were removed from the chickens. In my boyhood days we immersed the chickens in hot water and then at a good deal of discomfort to ourselves, we picked off the feathers. Now, they cut a nerve at the base of the chicken's brain and the little feather pocket is relaxed and the feathers are swept off by handfuls. The process reminded me somewhat of the way our farm populations have been swept into the cities by our post-war reconstruction policies and often into the ranks of migratory workers.

Since a certain amount of migratory labor is necessary and inevitable, the hazard of it must be reduced. Our state employment bureaus should again be integrated into a truly national system. Moreover, when migrant workers come to a distributing center for labor, like a county-seat town, why not make some provision for them outside of the curbstone and the box car? This is not a fantastic idea. Almost any town of any size in the Middle West has its tourist camp in which the flivver migrants who are seeing America are spending their more or less well-earned vacation. Now, from the standpoint of the welfare of these communities, the summer tourists are not one-half so important as these boys who ride in on box cars or flivvers. Kansas could get along without her summer tourists, but she absolutely cannot get along without the seasonal labor which helps her harvest her crops.

FURTHER, we should rid the migratory laborer of the scourge of vagrancy. Vagrancy is the dark shadow that hovers close on his heels. Thousands of hobos become vagrants because when you are unemployed you rapidly become unemployable. When vagrancy is easy, many choose it who would take a higher road if the lower were closed. Our attacks on vagrancy should be two-fold. There should be "vocational training of the physically handicapped, mentally defective and industrially inadequate, who are unemployable, but willing to work." There should be

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forcible detention for those who do not or cannot work.

But important as are these measures for making life more livable and work more accessible for the migrant worker, they are secondary to the development of inner control of the man who knows no community. The more a man is denied the stabilizing effect of neighborhood, the more he needs organization. He needs it for comfort, for protection and for the standardization of his code of conduct. He needs what the Hebrews had, when they were migrants and had a close brotherly solidarity which made the whole tribe responsible for the welfare of individual members. He needs what the Gideons won for that other group of migrants, commercial salesmen, who once were victims of the hazards of the road but now have learned that a man may travel without losing the sustaining power of ideals. Most of the organizations which have dealt with the migrant worker have drawn him into a cult of self-pity. He needs an organization which will increase his social responsibility and encourage those habits which conserve energy rather than waste it. He needs social education. Not many years ago, if one had advocated educational institutions and social centers for the migrants, no one would have taken it seriously. But the I. W. W. and other non-conformist groups took the matter seriously. Institutions like the Hobo College prove that the hobo has an enormous amount of time on his hands in which to think.

My final suggestion is that the hobo, if he is to develop inner control, needs the sustaining power of religion. Herbert Jump coined the phrase, "the church which walks like a business man." When I was a pastor in a university town, I had a church which tried to walk like a student. We sought what was on the student's mind. We tried to know and adjust ourselves to his leisure time. Just so, I believe, we need a church which knows how to walk like the migratory worker, to wander when he wanders, to camp beside him on the road, to make his life more livable in the harvest fields, the mining camps and the forests; and above all else, we need a mission which knows how to carry on in every hobohemia. It must rely less on feeding the men and more on real helpfulness. It must know how to diagnose the real difficulties of the man who comes. It must have a working alliance with the civic institution for industry and shelter.

SEVERAL years ago I spent part of a winter in Florida. I found the church adapting its program to the winter tourists. I found on the island of Palm Beach an endowed church with a permanent ministry to the recreation seeker of the North. I found a series of open forums maintained by the churches for people who had leisure time on their hands. I found a constant ministration of mercy to those who were strangers in a strange land. Why not an equal service to these other migrants who are an essential part of our economic life? If we will turn back the pages of history to the time of the Old Testament, we find the Hebrews celebrating the feast of the booths or tabernacles. It was the time when the farmers needed an extra amount of seasonal labor for the harvesting of their vineyards and the people of the towns and villages went out to supply the need. They lived in temporary shelters constructed for the occasion. The providing of seasonal labor had the support of religion.

Has not the time arrived when in America either our mounting number of migratory workers will be a great social hazard, or we must teach them the secret of inner strength in the midst of external change?

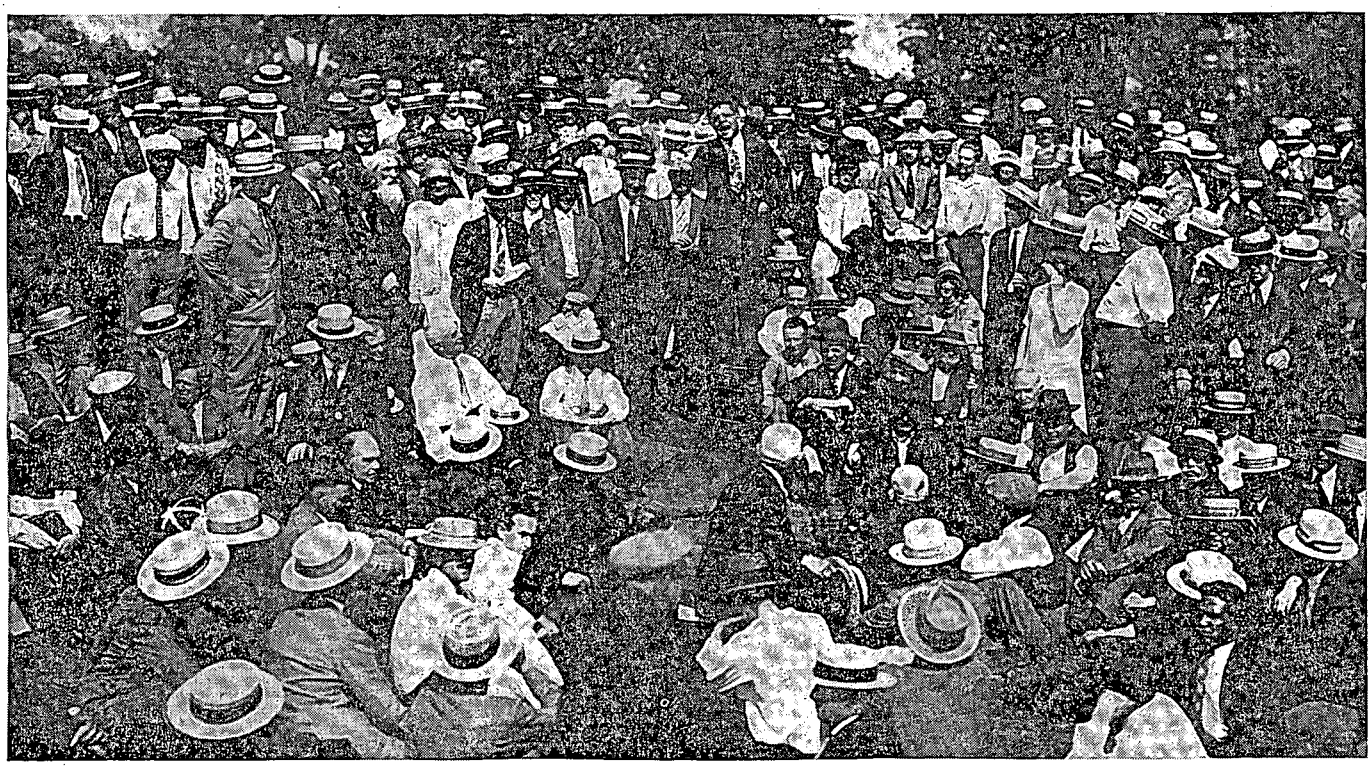

Photo by Burke & Koretka, Chicago

David A. Tullman, hobo and former head of Hobo College, addressing the Bug Club at Washington Park, Chicago

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Courtesy Kennedy and Company, New York

Not only is the sky aflame from the setting sun in this quaint color print, the idea itself of the farm is highly roseate: gentlewoman-farming, one might call it. It was painted by Fanny F. Palmer and printed by N. Currier in 1853, before the famous amalgamation of Currier and Ives.

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The Tractor Turns Bolshevik

By
KARL BORDERS

The accompanying illustrations were selected from the exposition of the Soviet Union sponsored last winter in New York by the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia and the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. The commemorative porcelain plate and peasant figures, and the carved wooden sleigh, page 463, represent crafts that have long flourished, but the photographs are exclusively of Russia today

ONE summer night at the end of the last Russian famine, I sat on the bank of a pond in the province of Samara and talked religion with a Communist farmer while he fished for crabs for our breakfast. These Quakers had been hard for Russians to understand. Why had they come all the way from America to feed strangers? Once in another conversation I had been asked when America was coming to take control of Russia. Altruism is still a phenomenon strange to this world. I was not a Quaker, so I could unblushingly tell this ardent leader of the commune of "The Dawn" about the religious motives of the Friends. He seemed to be duly impressed and grateful for their obvious measures of relief, but as to religion, he concluded as we walked home, "We have no more need of God here. The tractor is our god!"

Actually, there are comparatively few tractors in Russia, about one to every thousand farm families. But its role in turning the soil of the peasant mind is out of all proportion to the acres of steppe it has plowed. The thousands which have been imported by the government agencies since the revolution, have been strategically scattered through the Soviet republics, down the broad Volga valley, over the Urals to Siberia, into the rich Ukraine, through the great southeastern grain country. Perhaps twenty-five thousand peasant boys have sat at a tractor wheel, and felt almost miraculous power spring beneath them at the touch of a tiny lever. But millions of bearded *muzhiks*, school boys and goose girls have watched the steel horses leave deep furrows, and have followed them in their dreams out into a new land of leisure and plenty. They have followed them back by this same route, too, into the marvelous lands from which they came. How often have I been asked whether farmers in America have horses any more! Once in a pine-girt village of the north, a peasant legislator—who knew his Marx, and Bellamy's Looking Backward—said to me: "Why, I've read that the American farmer doesn't need to work any more at all. He takes his paper, goes to the field, pushes a button and the tractor plows for him while he sits in the shade and reads." Probably Mr. Wells' fantasies had penetrated the forest along with Bellamy. Certain it is that the minds of this self-confessed "dark people" have been set off like a powder train by the spark of the tractor motor.

Those who have not seen the actual machine—at work in the fields, or at the county fairs where they are always a center of attraction—cannot escape them in picture and printed page in every farm newspaper, on calendars and almanacs, dashing out of posters on public billboards. No one who has handled a five-ruble note has failed to see engraved on it a tractor with a broad wake of new-turned sod. The vast agricultural possibilities of the tractorization and general mechanization of farm processes, in this land where the sickle and flail still abound, catch the imagination of even the mechanically sophisticated American: Millions of acres of fertile plain with not a fence to stop nor a stone to dull the tractor plow. During that same famine period I have mentioned, we were plowing large tracts for the stricken villages of our area. The manager asked the village officials, "Where shall we plow?" He was taken to the edge of the village and shown the domes of the next village church on the horizon. "You may begin here and plow to there," they told him. Now all this the commissar of agriculture had in his mind when Arthur Ransome asked him in 1920 what was the greatest agricultural need of the country. He knew, too, that the thirty-five million horses registered in 1916

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had pitiably diminished. He answered the inquiry in one word—"Tractors." By 1922, the number of horses in the union had still further decreased until there were but nineteen million; and even now the number is millions short of normal.

The tractor in Russia is more than a mere power unit, however; more than an improved agricultural implement. The present head of the Department of Agriculture wrote in the journal, Economic Life: "The tractor is, without doubt, one of the greatest factors in eliminating the lines of individual peasant production. If a tractor is linked with the cooperative and is used correctly, we have in it not only an agricultural machine, but a new factor in the growth of the socialist element in the village." The entire distribution of tractors, which is the monopoly of government agencies, is based on this principle. According to the plan, they are never sold to private farmers, and especially the *kulaks*, as the relatively rich peasants are called, but only to cooperative groups. It is estimated that 80 per cent of all tractors thus far sold have led to the formation of some sort of collective agricultural groups. Most of the rest have gone to the great government estates, which are thoroughly socialized enterprises.

Peasant women are learning to use American sewing machines

There are also very practical reasons why the tractor must be cooperatively owned and operated in the village. First of all, the price charged, often twice that in America, is prohibitive for the ordinary peasant. Furthermore, the small individual plots of land held under the village communal system of tenure are not suitable for tractor cultivation. The simplest reason dictates that the land must be sufficient to use economically all the power of the machine, and that it be in one piece if possible.

THUS a whole train of new adjustments is set in motion by the coming of the tractor. The local land committee sees to it that the group of peasants who have bought the tractor are given their land in one plot. Often, in the less populated areas, further acres are rented from the undivided government section at a nominal price. This large tract will probably be several miles from the village. Time, once a drug on the village market, takes on new value with the coming of this costly machine and its companion binders and thresher. They cannot be permitted to rest. Time cannot be wasted in many journeys from village to field. Besides, frequent transportation is hard on the machinery.

The next step, then, is one which much preaching might never accomplish—a breaking of the village ties and the removal out to the land of the entire group of eight or ten families, now bound by common interest in the tractor. A well is dug. Primitive prairie huts are thrown up, biding prosperity. Common sheds and barns are built. The unromantic, unimaginative thing of wheels and tanks has cracked the shell of peasant individualism. A little nucleus of experimental socialism has been flung out into the boundless reaches of the ancient three-field economy.

The exact structure of this new organism varies from that of a genuine commune, such as I have visited in the forests of Tver Gubernia among the evangelical Christians, to the loosest type of cooperative labor in farm production. The real commune has no wages, no dividends to the individual. Each man puts all his capital into the enterprise and contributes all the labor of which he is capable. In return he has shelter guaranteed in the common house, a place at the common table. He is clothed as his needs demand. The balance goes into the treasury of the commune. This type of absolute commune has decreased since the first idealistic days of the revolution, though some two thousand are still listed as operative. Thousands of organizations founded on this thoroughgoing plan changed to the simpler type of cooperation.

Again and again I have been told by the men of the amended enterprises that the trouble in the commune started in the kitchen. The disturbance may have centered around the amount of salt in the soup. "When the cows were owned in common," the men told us in one place, "the women never milked them dry. Now that every family has its own cow, we get more milk." Perhaps the women had other tales to tell. Be that as it may, the commune has not flourished as its less idealistic cooperative neighbors, which make less abrupt demands of perfection on human nature.

The more common organization used at present is that of a simple stock company for joint agricultural production: Each family contributes to the capital stock what it is able, in cash or implements, or work animals. Labor is carefully tabulated and paid for on a wage basis. At the end of the season when the crops are sold, payments are made on the machinery, which has probably been bought on long-term credits; a specified percentage is put into a sinking fund; and the balance is divided both on the basis of investment and of per capita. A close relationship is maintained with

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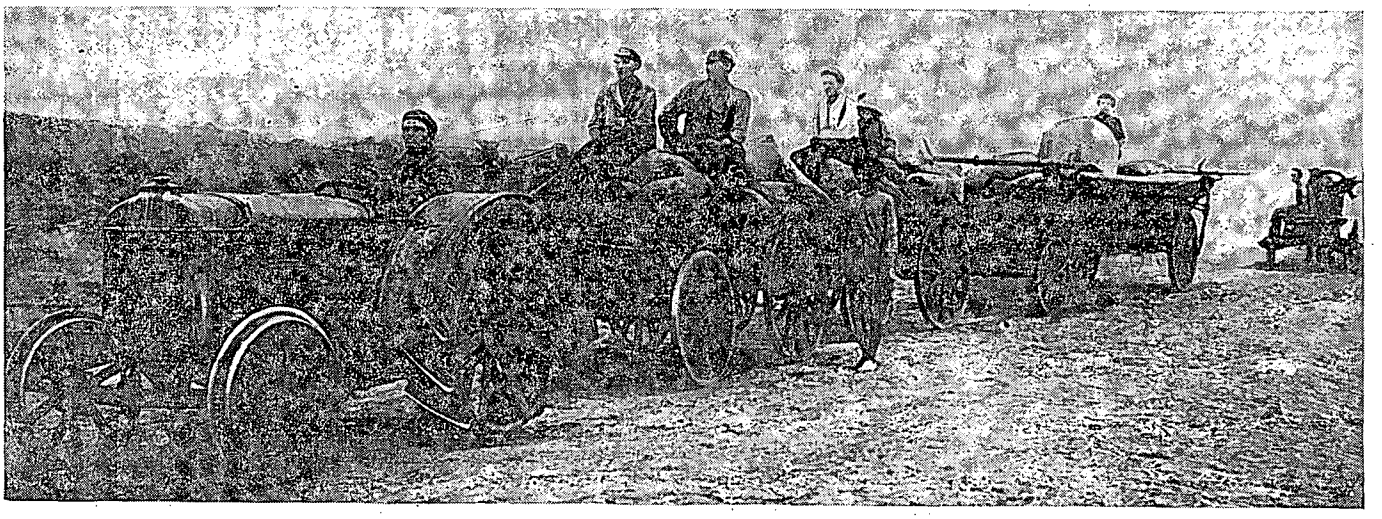
the village producers' cooperative, and the simple needs of manufactured articles for the homes are met through membership in the consumers' cooperative. Beyond this, members of the organization are free individuals. Families are maintained, each in its own cottage, or in an apartment in a larger house if such shelter is available in some old plantation mansion, as sometimes happens. Each family has its own chickens, cows and pigs. What each member does with his share of the profits of the enterprise is his own business.

Numerically, again, this "collective" movement, as all types of agricultural cooperation are termed, is comparatively insignificant. The latest statistics with which I am familiar count twenty-two thousand, with a total of one million peasants involved, including families. This is no more than a minor rash on this wide-flung sixth of the world's landed surface. Not more than one family in one hundred and thirty of Russia's twenty million peasants has forsaken the castle of his own courtyard to join fortunes with this socialistic movement, which is still in its swaddling clothes. Nor will the hard-headed *muzhik* be led to take such a step by the most specious arguments of platform and press, though these are constantly aimed at him. He waits to be shown, and watches all these experiments with a curious and interested eye. If it can be proved to him in bushels and cotton cloth that it pays to farm cooperatively, the movement will spread and flourish. Thus far, more than 50 per cent of all the collectives have been recruited from the poorest peasants—those without horses or cattle. These, good proletarians, have nothing to lose and everything to gain by liberal government loans and the special protecting interest of the powers that be. Those who have horses and barns of their own are more wary of change.

A modern example of an ancient craft in Russia—wood-carving

EVEN the miraculous tractor, around which a large percentage though not all of the movement is built, must prove its worth to this *muzhik*-from-Missouri by more than sententious humming. An American mechanic of my acquaintance was called on to minister to the needs of a crippled tractor whose owner had used a nail instead of a cotter pin in one of the strategic joints with disastrous results. All the passersby on their way to the market town had stopped to see this stalled bit of modernism. "Well," said one graybeard, "when my oxen are lazy, I can take a stick and beat them and they'll go. But you can't do that with this thing." In spite of somewhat belated energy in providing adequate repairs and expert mechanics throughout the country, many a tractor will doubtless still be left to rust by the Russian wayside, while the peasant is getting hold of the sticks to make him go, even as they have graced the fence corners and barn lots of our own much-mechanized country in the last quarter century.

And yet the realistic Bolsheviki have placed much faith in the collectivists and their tractors. Through a controversy that has shaken the monolithic unity of the party to its foundations, the victorious Stalin majority has emerged with a program which proposes nothing less than to make a socialist bulwark of this 90 per cent peasant Russia; to lure the entrenched farmer from behind his oriental gates of individualism into the open spaces of cooperative agriculture; not to build an urban communism upon his protesting back, but to make him an intimate part of a national—and eventually a world—structure of socialism. Whatever we may think of the principles or the possibilities of the scheme, any one who has ever known farmers, and especially Russian peasants, must give due credit to the sheer audacity of the undertaking. In the front ranks hums the tractor, turning the black furrows, leading on the host to conquer ignorance and famine and poverty.



In the front ranks hums the tractor, in this case a Fordson, at work in the South Caucasus

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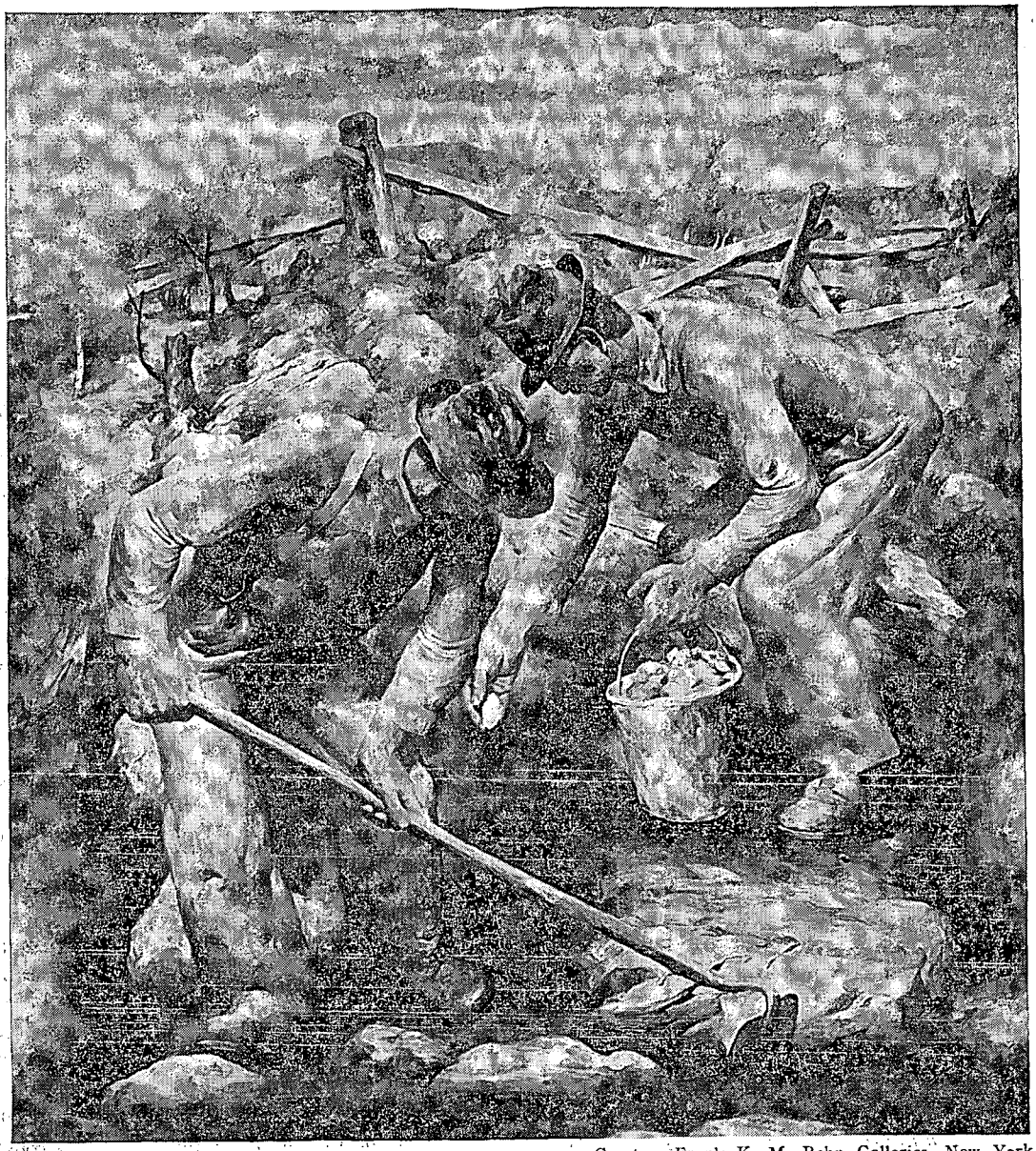

Planting Potatoes

Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York

Paintings of Farm Life

By JAMES CHAPIN

A still-young man, working in a manner that can neither be called strictly modern nor academic but is individual, is beginning to people our museums with the folk that come naturally into our minds when we say Americans. These happen to be portraits of real farmers, at work or relaxed, but they typify the upstanding, independent man with long roots in the soil he owns, his family and his reliable old hand.

James Chapin divides his time between city and country. He paints painstakingly and slowly but constantly wherever he is, with the result that he pictures not only farmsteads, orchards, and the life that fills them with such dignity, but also swarming streets with their colorful humankind, such as the banana vendor of the East Side and his customers reproduced in the July Survey Graphic.

The painting shown above, like his portraits, is more than a mere presentation of the subject. Uncertain skies, growing trees and grass, disturbed earth—one can fairly smell the fresh-turned sod—this is the essence of spring. There is something monumental about the strong legs and the large, thin hands of the men who plant.

Mr. Chapin's farm scenes make one think of Robert Frost's poems; and fittingly he illustrated the special edition of North of Boston. One knows that his farmers say: "Good fences make good neighbors." They beckon the spectator to put the city behind just as Frost does:

"I'm going out to fetch the little calf
"That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
"It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
"I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too." —F. L. K.

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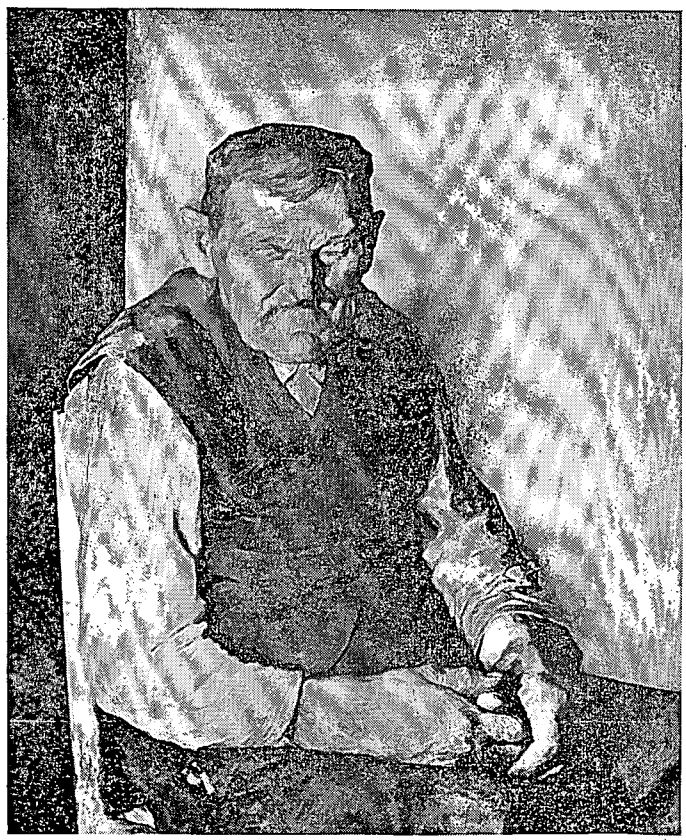

Above: George Marvin and his Daughter Edith, a painting awarded the Temple gold medal in the recent Pennsylvania Academy. Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York. Left: Old Farmhand, winner of the Logan purchase prize of one thousand dollars at the Art Institute of Chicago last year and now owned by the Institute.

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Left: Emmet Marvin, Farmer; courtesy Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington. Below: Two Men Sawing; private collection.

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Above: Miss Ella Marvin; courtesy John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis. Left: Two Calves; courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York.

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MEXICAN CHILDREN IN CALIFORNIA
Painting by Martha Walter

The Romanzas Train Señora Nurse

By ALICE EVANS CRUZ

MY first meeting with the Romanza family was on an evening in July, as I stood at the door of my little home in central California trying to get a cool breath of air after a particularly trying day out in my district. The fruit pickers were beginning to filter by from Señora, some in wagons, some in trucks, and many with rolled blankets trudging along on foot, all bound for the fruit country farther north. I had just watched three trucks, several flivvers, and a mule-drawn covered wagon, all filled to overflowing with perspiring Mexicans and sundry household goods, roll out of sight, when I heard a shout, several reports from an engine exhaust, a wheezy rattle—then dead silence for the space of two seconds. There followed a babel of groans, wails and curses in Spanish.

Curiosity getting the better of discretion, I went out into the dusty road and found, as I had expected, a prehistoric Ford in the last stages of decrepitude, from which it appeared the entire population of Mexico, in assorted sizes, was tumbling furiously, at an imminent risk of life and limb. The father's head was hidden in the hood of his dusty chariot, and strange oaths were proceeding therefrom in rapid succession, accompanied by an ineffectual pounding on the engine.

But the sound which roused all the sympathies of my nurse's heart proceeded from the top of the load where sat a mother with a fretful baby in her arms, both wailing like lost souls, and perched beside them the inevitable Mexican grandmother, so old, so shriveled, so toothless as to look like a veritable Witch of Endor.

Now in California, as every visiting nurse knows, a knowledge of Spanish is very necessary at times, and fortunately a night-school course enabled me to enquire politely if I could be of any assistance.

"No, Señora," answered the head of the family, emerging from the bowels of the engine and wiping his purple face on a greasy red bandana. "Only God himself can help this accursed wretch of a car, for which I paid the sum of one hundred pesos, to an ingrate named José

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Guerrero two weeks ago, and which has done nothing but stall and boil over ever since we left Sonora last week. Now I know not what ails her, and we have not a place to spend this night. Ay! Dios! I would that I had never left Mexico to come and pick this American fruit, for which they tell me one can earn such great wealth!"

Of course there was nothing for the Señora to do but to call a tow-car and have the Romanzas established for the night at an auto camp, where they would be more comfortable than beside the road.

NEXT morning the Charities were informed of their plight and, the poor old Ford having died of "old age and general debility," Mr. Romanza was helped to find a job on the section gang; the two older boys went to work in a lumber mill, and the family settled down, apparently quite willing to make their home with us.

As my work brought me in contact only with the policy-holders of the insurance company employing me, I heard nothing more for a few days from my new protegés and so it was much to my surprise that one morning I received a call from Mrs. Romanza. Entering her house I said, "Are you now a policy-holder with us, Mrs. Romanza, that you have sent for me?"

"Oh, *si,* Señora! My husband have seen that man who writes those insurance and have taken one policy each, for José, Juan, Maria, Estefan, Madalena, Tony, Francisco, Jesus, Pablo, and Pedro, and also for me, Señora, so that when those more babies shall come, I shall be nursed by yourself, Señora. Today I like for you to look at my children's tonsils, for this American señora next door, she say the nurse have all her children operated last year, and now get so-o-o fat! I think that Tony he not so good, and you can take for operation when you like Señora. Ay! *Gracias a Dios,* Señora, we go not back to Mexico now! In this country we become Americans, we gain the great wealth, and have the nice friends. Is it not so?"

"Indeed, I hope so, Mrs. Romanza," I said. But inwardly I thought, "Heaven grant there are no more additions to the Romanza family until we have assimilated those we have."

The Romanzas did indeed need a visiting nurse's services, but it is needless to tell of the many times we were called—for the five school-age youngsters who were operated upon for tonsils and adenoids; for the baby who swallowed a glass marble and had us all watching him for two days; poor grandma, who was suffering from *"rumatisma,"* as she called it; and Pablo the two-year-old who got a dose of "toothache medicine" from the wrong bottle and had to have his stomach pumped out.

When school opened and the five little Romanzas were enrolled in the foreign classes at the grade school, their mother's heart swelled with pride. But alas, and alack! If the little Romanzas and their physical ailments had only been all of the story! American habits were surely making their impression.

José Romanza lost one position after another. Every time the social worker or I visited the house, he could be found tilted lazily back in his chair, a cigarette dangling from his lower lip, and strumming a guitar for which I suspected he had spent his first and last pay-check. It was useless to suggest to his doting mother that she refuse board to such a loafer.

"Indeed, Señora, what kind of mother is it you would have me to be, to turn away my one musician, when I know how he has spoiled his hands on those lumber at the lumber yard, and may never be able to play more for weddings and *fiestas!* I myself will go out and scrub those floors for American señoras, that my José may have time to play the guitar."

Finally José secured a position in a jazz orchestra, which just seemed to suit him; and then it seemed that Juan, the second son had decided to become our problem child.

Juan, who had always been steady as a clock, suddenly fell in with a gang of other sixteen-year-old "sheiks," staying out nights, hanging around pool-halls, dance-halls, and cafés. Not only that, but he all at once developed the Mexican's predominant passion for gambling. He played poker, he shot craps, he bet on everything from football games to prize fights; he bought lottery tickets from older Mexican gamblers; his parents saw him only at meal-times, and his wages not at all. His father raved, his mother cried, and we all tried to show him that the type of American boy he was imitating was not the real one; but all to no purpose.

Yet it remained for gentle, placid little Maria to put the finishing touches to the mistakes of the Romanzas' "flaming youth."

Maria was fifteen. She had spent her whole life in one round of drudgery, caring for her younger brothers and sisters, never speaking unless spoken to and, as a truly modest Spanish señorita should, she had never been seen with a man unless accompanied by some other member of her family. This model daughter, then, simply electrified her family and friends one day by eloping with a Mexican many years her senior, who was also a widower with three small children of his own.

After Maria's parents had sworn that never, no never, would they forgive this ungrateful child, they ended the controversy by receiving not only the new son-in-law into their already overcrowded living quarters, but his small family as well. "At least," they argued, "Felipe is a good worker, and will make up to us what we have lost through that ingrate, Juan."

BUT Felipe promptly lost his job and went on the road, leaving Maria with her three step-children to slave for, and one of her own expected. We finally persuaded her to place the three "steps" in a home, and made arrangements for her care in a hospital when it should become necessary.

It seemed about this time that our "Family of Romance" would have to be shipped back to Mexico as too much of a responsibility altogether, when one morning we were informed over the phone in excited Spanish that the family, overnight, had become rich! Juan had, it seems, in one of his lottery ventures really drawn a big prize, and would receive several hundred pesos. I must come right over and see how they were fixing up in honor of the newly acquired wealth.

I almost knew what I should see, yet I was not really prepared for the magnificence which burst upon my eyes. I had expected the inevitable phonograph and perhaps some new clothes, but when I saw not only a phonograph, but a player piano as well, a huge white-enamel gas range, two new rugs, overstuffed furniture, silk curtains, a floor lamp, and several large gilt-framed pictures and, standing in the back yard, a new Dodge car, and then heard that all this finery had been purchased on the partial-payment plan, and that the sum total of the lottery check would reach only two thousand dollars—

(*Continued on page* 488)

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The Grown Folk Come to School

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

Crayons from life by Winold Reiss

"NEVER too old to learn" might be changed to "Always old enough to learn" if one considers education in its largest sense. We may think of our brains as being soft and pleasantly pliable up to a certain age and then hardening, so that new ideas have a hard time getting through, but if experience is the best teacher age is surely an asset as one travels the road of education. In a series of articles in Survey Graphic I have told of the pioneer work of the founders of Penn School on St. Helena Island, the oldest school for Negroes in the South; then of how agriculture came to school, so as to make the school life and the home life fit into each other; and then of how agriculture had to go from the school to the homes, a revolution in school-teaching which has reached to the very edges of the island and gone beyond. All this had to do with the children. What about the adults?

Penn School has been an adventure in adult education from its beginnings, and during the last twenty years it has been reaching and educating the farmers and their wives, indirectly through the children and their home acres, and directly through the demonstration work, cooperative society, credit union, farmers' fair, home-makers clubs and the Community House.

When twenty years ago we built the new school house, which climbed up into the air two stories and gave to many their first journey upstairs, the grown-ups wanted to come to school too. As one of the mothers said, "We has to stan' on tiptoe now to keep up wid de chillun." And perhaps it is not surprising that it was a group of mothers and grandmothers who made the first of the grown-up classes. They called themselves the Community Class and after a checkered career in sewing, knitting, basketry, and Bible lessons, they have settled down to an ever new and interesting course in hygiene and home-nursing given by the school nurse, and with talks on everything under the sun given irregularly by the principal.

THIS weekly connection with the school has made this group a valuable bridge from school to community, for we have no local newspapers and these women carry out the news, at least in headlines, to their plantations. They do not come just to get for themselves, either, for as they sing the island spirituals after their "lessons," they sew busily on the quilt which will find its way to some home where there is great need: "Some one wussuh off dan we!"—and many a time do they "throw up the collection" for the sick member or for some community call. Once a month you find a merry crowd "Going to Jerusalem" or trying to pin the tail on the donkey amid shouts of laughter. Games learned in the Community House go out and add spice to the home in the country.

This class uses the library, as do all our smaller groups of adults, and so they sit surrounded by books which will be open to their children but are closed to many of this older generation. Books exert a silent influence, I believe, on these older folk whose hard life on the farm has left little time to keep up with their education begun in the old school-house.

We had been wandering up and down the oyster-shell roads on our ponies, Wonder and Wander. It did not take us long to see that farming is a family job, mother, father, and children working together. In the North, the New England school handed down its booklearning while the New England farm was handing down a very much greater measure of education for life. The Carolina plantations, weak in the transmission of literacy, nonetheless passed on cotton culture and the plantation crafts. The little New England school born on St. Helena Island in 1862, and the little Negro farms, with all their gains in things of the spirit, fell short in some points of the old order of slavery days. There was no organization to carry on ditching on a proper scale, no inspiration to gather mud and marsh-grass for fertilizer, no knowledge about live stock, and in all life there must be a constantly renewed growth or there is an end to life itself. Compared with the progressive farming in the West and the truck-farming which had made such strides in Virginia, the sea islands were touched by the march of agriculture only in spots. The revolution which had swept over agricultural methods, as sweeping almost as the industrial revolution in the cities, was not felt on these isolated islands.

Soon we woke up to the fact that the agriculture we were teaching in Penn School was not that practiced on the home acres. It was a new agriculture. It was not that the transplanted school of letters fulfilled its mission less well than the New England school, nor even that the small Negro farm transmitted its heritage of the ways of soil and rain and growth less roundly than the plantation, but that there was this new body of learning and of labor which neither could transmit from the past, for neither the past of the New England school nor that of the island farm held it.

So it was that if we were to serve as carriers of this new heritage from the fenced fields and gardens, the agricultural colleges and government experiment stations, we came to see that we must reach the parents. Out of our work with children in the agricultural classes and on the school acres grew the work with the grown-ups. And it was out of this work with the parents that the work with the children on the home acres grew, about which I wrote in the last article, Acres for Class Rooms (Survey Graphic, June, 1928). The problem is altogether different from that of the truck farm, the factory, or the large estate, for here is a group of small farmers come together to learn how to organize under their own leaders.

Our rides about the island had shown us the setting of its culture. Here was a region of low-lying land, great mud flats stretching out at low tide, tidal rivers cutting into the land and isolating still further a much scattered people.

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A soil that could easily be built up with the fertilizer provided by nature herself in the mud and the marsh grass from the rivers, and the trash from the woods. Here was water for the digging, here was swift-growing pine and the slower oak, plenty of oyster shells for roads and for lime on the land, and oysters and sea food for the table. Even the fiddler crabs play in the island orchestra! Here starvation was far from a man's elbow, but easy living at a low level would not hold the oncoming generation. New standards of living, new goals for struggle were needed.

"De World's Fair" was the first step in the new agricultural life. The people were told to bring in their exhibits, the big hall was filled with them and then filled with the people to whom they belonged. The people themselves with the school farmer as chairman, raised the money for the prizes and for the barbecue served at sunset. All day the big iron pot was on the fire built in the open field. The rice and vegetables cooked in with the beef make a very tasty dish, served with a cracker on a paper plate, the cracker being very useful to help manipulate the food to the hungry mouth. Prophet Wyne, who had come out from the farming of plantation days, was our first cook and now that post of honor and responsibility is held by a Penn School graduate who has come through the new school of agriculture.

The fair came to stay. It shows a cross-section in the life of the people. It has shown a steady growth in standards of living. At the early fairs, the long staple cotton held first place, but when the crowd saw the corn, sugar cane, rice and peas, the quilts and other articles which make the homes more comfortable and attractive, they realized better every year that the one-crop farmer has the poorest chance in the long run.

But I think the farmers' fairs would be of little worth if the agricultural work stopped there. We found nothing changed at home. Enthusiasm is an evanescent thing when the crowd scatters and one goes home to the same old conditions and loses sight of those inspiring exhibits. "De bes' way to strike down de liar who say de Negro ain't wuk, is to show him de wuk," said one of the islanders at the fair, and even if one went home filled with the desire to win those prizes next year, it was easy to fall into the old ruts and forget all the good talk at the fair. And much of the hard "wuk" counted for little because of the worn-out soil and methods.

IF you ever saw Seaman A. Knapp you will not forget his vivid personality. He saw farming as a game to be played, and he knew it was a losing game unless food crops and corn could come to the South. The boll weevil was on his way when Dr. Knapp came to St. Helena, and we had been telling the people in the churches and in the praise houses, in the homes and everywhere that they must raise their food, for cotton was doomed. But they would not believe. They got a clear idea of its importance as shown by their idea of its size, for when the news went home that there was a boll weevil at the school—it had been brought down from Washington for class-work as a specimen—a terrified parent sent me a message, "I yeddy yo' has one ob dem bo' evils at de school. I pray yo' ain't let him out to eat up my chillun," and after one of our meetings in a praise house a farmer said scornfully, "I ain't fearful, I stan' ober my fiel' and shoot him down jes luk a chicken hawk!" The bo' evil could never cross our rivers and so we settled down to our cotton.

Dr. Knapp was the inventor of a revolutionary method of teaching adults. The farmer, a trained man in agriculture, was to take the actual teaching into the fields, and a demonstration acre was to show the actual results of following new methods.

Our people were terribly afraid. Dr. Knapp, when he saw the old corn stalks planted four feet apart each way, said, "Begin your attack right there," and right there we started. There were six farmers valiant enough to trust an acre to the new method (no it was only a half acre that first year). Fortunately, two of them were preachers and fortunately every demonstration came through successfully and the preachers preached on corn, wearing a prize button sent down from Washington. The movement was young then and that button was a push-button in a very real sense! Such a bit of recognition went far toward making the movement popular, as well as the fact that the crop more than doubled in the field of every demonstrator. Corn in the drill fairly beat the old method of corn in the check.

CAN you see the young farmer with his agricultural training back of him, a "mere boy" to the older man he wanted to help? Into the field he went, sometimes taking the plow harnessed to the little salt marsh tackie, as the native ponies are called, and demonstrating what he meant by close cultivation, or perhaps down on his knees in the furrow with the old farmer following his directions as he said, "One for the crow, and one for the mole, and one for the rot, and one for you," dropping the kernels into the hole two feet nearer together than under the old method. Night work as well as day is demanded from this teacher, for to the praise houses and the society halls he must go to explain the work in hand which goes beyond methods in farming, to include demonstrations in soil-building, in raising better cattle and poultry, and other crops beside corn. He must help them organize the ditching and help them raise the money for the new Rosenwald schools—he even helps them in improving the home and building chicken coops.

James Johnson talked for his group when he said at one of the farmers fairs: "De las' time I talk fr'm dis platform, I talk 'bout Mr. Cotton, but dis time I'm goin' to talk 'bout prowision. I raise good cotton too. De merchants kin trus' my cotton. But cotton ain't stan' no mo', an' I say, 'Look yuh! Wut yo' goin' to do 'bout de animul an' de chillun?'

"Fust I study 'bout de animul. Got two horse and a half to feed, so I 'cide to plant me some oats. Den I tek five task o' lan' (a task is one-fourth of an acre) an' I plow it an' I harrow it, an' I plush dat lan'. An' den it ain't suit me and I plush um again. Den I tek pine bough outen de woods an' trail um ober de lan' fo' help cover de seed. An' it ain't ben long fo' I look yonder an' I see de oats sta't fo' sprout up in de fiel'.

"An', my frien's, wen de time come, I cut eight wagon load off dat fiel', an' my animul, dey live on um f'om dat day to dis!

"Well, dat fix de horses, but how 'bout de chillun? I fix to plant co'n fo' de chillun. Yo' know some people tink yo' kin raise crop outen de lan'. But I tell yo' right now, you try to raise crop outen de lan' an' yo' ain't raise um mo' dan dat high. An' den de white people say yo' kin raise crop wid de fertilizer, but I cyant raise my crop dat-a-way 'cause I cyant buy de fertilizer. But I go in de wood an' I rake me trash, an' I go in de crick an' I cut me ma'sh—hab den long kin' o' boots dat ketch me up youh—an' I

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VERONICA SMALLS—11TH GRADE

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NURSE BRISBANE—MIDWIFE

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pit um all on de lan'. An' I raise me a crop too! Ain't got no cotton, but I got oats fo' de horse, an' co'n an' peas an' sweet potatoes fo' de chillun, an' den a few head ob hog to pit 'long wid dat.

"Now de people go to Savannah an' all about fo' wuk-out money. Wuk-out money is all right, but wuk-out money's like las' night rain—run in one han' an' out de udder. I ain't got no money but I got de prowision!"

The first boll weevil year, 1920, will long be remembered. When the people woke up to find they had lost three-fourths of their crop, destroyed by that small worm in the cotton boll, one of them expressed the depth they had reached when she said, "We sure has a satisfyin' affliction." The World War had shown the ten cotton-growing states more clearly than they had ever seen before what it means to spend all your time on clothes. The South had been trying so hard to clothe the word, she had forgotten to feed herself. If the trains had been stopped, some of the southern cities could not have fed their inhabitants a week. The struggle to produce cotton, cotton, cotton, resulted in poor land, poor people, and illiteracy, and this is not a question of color! To produce three hundred dollars worth of cotton at a cost of two hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of food does not make farming profitable.

ECONOMICS and religion go hand in hand in an agricultural community school. Berry Wrotten increased his yield of corn from eighteen bushels to sixty-nine, the Rev. D. C. Washington raised fifty-four bushels as against seventeen and so the group of demonstrators began to lead in the records made, and the fair gave it all publicity. "De worl' is berry lightful now, an' we mus' see whut is goin' on," said one of our progressives. "I ain't never plant till de full ob de moon, so I cyant plant till next week. But I'll change from de check to de drill, now I years it from yo' own lips," said another.

This re-education of grown men and women has been at the heart of Penn School's work all these years, and to develop better team-work has been in our plan from the beginning. In old plantation days, meetings were prohibited. The overseers would have no rivals, for they feared an uprising and this accounts for the lack of self-dependent team-work, the lack of experience in organization. The people had organized their societies, which took the form of relief and insurance for proper burial. But there was little experience in business affairs.

When you come through the rustic gate that leads from the road to the principal's home on the school farm, you walk on the old grindstones which go far back into the lives of these people. If you come in the spring, you will see on either side flowers that can stand the hot summer sun, that grow in the soil made out of the pure sand of the abandoned cotton field where Hampton House was planted in 1904. The stones and the flowers are significant of the struggle of the people in securing the necessities of life and the beauty of life too, one as essential as the other if there is a proper balance. The seamed surfaces of the stones are like a phonograph record which will tell a part of the story of the island if turned with imagination.

In the old plantation days a peck of corn was doled out to each family on Saturday nights. We can hear the people singing as they grind it between the stones, for every family had to prepare the next week's ration, if it took till dayclean. Delicious hand-ground "grits" which the speed of today makes practically impossible—grits that "eat" sweeter than any ground by the modern power mills! These old stones have registered the coming of the new tools, the coming of a new day in industry and life. The old method, as old as Abraham, was to give way. Now as we step on the stones, in reverie we can hear the older generation at their grinding. But life has had to speed up for this generation; they step on the gas in more senses than one and the old records are fast being laid aside.

They are the only stones on this sandy island, so they were one of the few crystallizations of wealth in the hands of the people. And in the day of the island's great need they in truth stood for capital and credit. A great storm in 1911 destroyed homes and crops and grim poverty had to be endured till the new crop. The school organized relief work and urged the people to bring in their idle stones to exchange for the lumber, nails, food, or whatever was needed to tide them over. They did this with great joy, what they had they gave: so here are the old grindstones, a bit of a museum for an agricultural school, sunk in the soil itself, surely their proper setting, great rough coins of island credit.

They are waymarks of the beginning of a new organization, stepping-stones to progress in island life, for the storm led to the Cooperative Society. Never shall we forget that autumn, driving through the rough plantation roads or riding our ponies in and out among the wrecked homes. Great trees lay uprooted in our path, all the leaves stripped off the branches. Suddenly the new leaves began to come, so that it looked like spring. "See, Missus Cooley, what de trees is doing! Dey spring forth again! Dat is what we mus' do," said Mrs. Juno, and this note of hope sounded all through that difficult winter. The first appeal that came to my office was for some vegetable seed, and the usual reply to my greeting would be, "Tanksful fo' life." There was little else they coud be thankful for. "We mus' fly about like de birds w'en he rain," was all too true, for many of the homes had hardly a dry spot till repairs could be made.

The Cooperative Society was born that autumn, a little group of men meeting in the home of the school farmer, two ministers, our doctor, and five others, all island farmers who were eager to learn how to finance their own farming operations. Ireland and Denmark have helped St. Helena. Sir Horace Plunkett came on our horizon through Hollis B. Frissell, then chairman of our Board of Trustees. Both of these men, with their wide vision and experience, marked out the path of possibilities, and a visit to Denmark showed me results that will serve as a spur to our efforts.

THE first try-out of the Negro people in savings and credit had been a bitter experience. Their losses when the Freedmen's Bank failed drove them back to the safety of stockings and mattresses for their money. And the failure of the Beaufort Bank two years ago added to their sense of insecurity. One old grandmother had over four hundred dollars put aside for the education of her "grands." When she lost her all, she came to me and said, "Now I gib yo' Abram an' Juanita. I gib um to yo' an' de Lord!" You see Penn School must be a mother along with her other jobs. Very slow to you who live in the cities would seem the development of this movement among these farmers. Very cautious have the officers been in making the loans. It takes strength of character to refuse your friend when he wants a loan that does not fall within the scope of the society, or to reduce the loan called for. "I know it is berry easy to borrow, but ef he bin a hard year, we has berry hard gettery! I has two or three (*Continued on page* 485)

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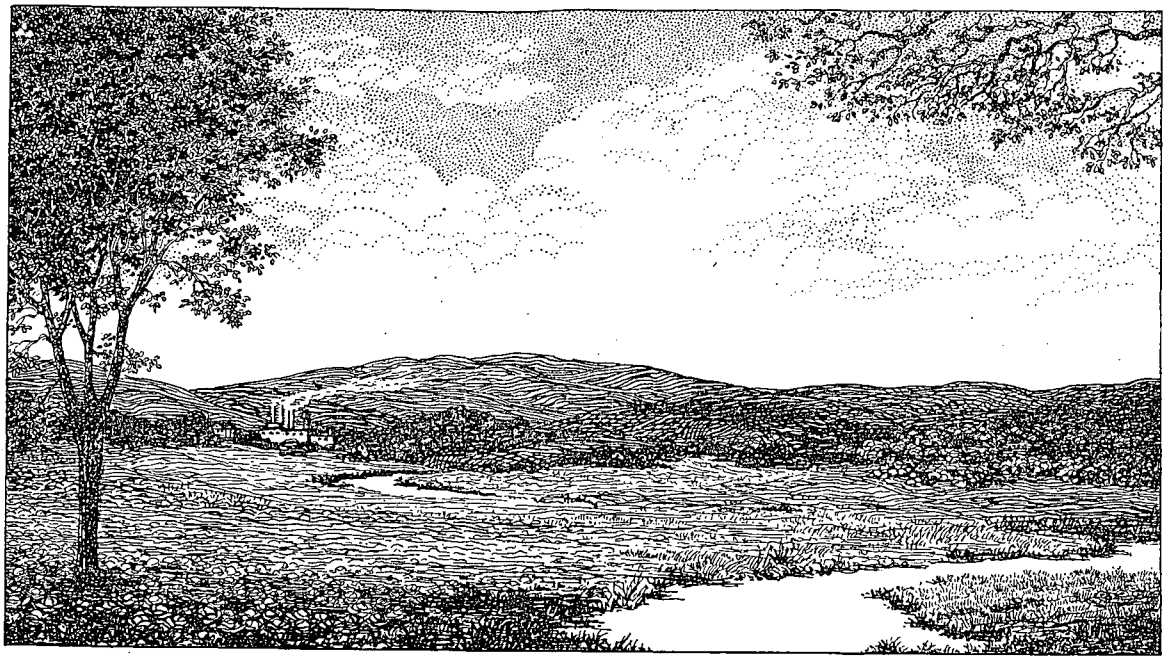

Drawn for Survey Graphic by Dorothy Waugh

The Blackstone Valley

By FRANK A. WAUGH

SOME one, I think, ought to sing the praises of the Blackstone River, and some one with more twang to his lyre than I can command. It flows, every day in the year, through a highly civilized country—that is, through a highly industrialized country, which is perhaps not quite the same thing. It serves thousands of people in several different ways: practical ways and spiritual ways.

It is frequently harnessed, canalized and dammed, but between these artificial ganglia stretch long reaches of sunny flat water with woody banks against comfortable cuddling hills. These little hills, it is true, have many faults, nearly all geological, and if one reads their long and terrible history (*vide* Emerson) he can condone almost anything. For instance, Professor Emerson says openly and in print that "the Narragansett Basin is a body of carboniferous strata which have been deformed according to the Appalachian type of folding, have been regionally metamorphosed and have been intruded by igneous rocks." It sounds a lot like the history of the Democratic party, to whom, as the law says, much may be forgiven.

Yet, falling back again on our scientific authority, we learn that these hills "abound in coal plants of Pennsylvania age," and that "coal was mined from the formation about the middle of the last century but apparently without profit."

Now the afore-mentioned geological faults in the Blackstone Valley were turned to benefits in an industrial way. This has a manifest moral, too, reminding us that what from one point of view seem to be faults often turn out, in a different adjustment, to be significant advantages. These Rhode Island faults, for example, made the original waterfalls here and there where the original water powers were developed and the first factories built. What would Rhode Island be indeed without Central Falls? One sees the crowded populations today in the Blackstone Valley, all eating three daily meals and going to the movies at night, and if he is a bit of a humanitarian he rejoices at the land which feeds and homes these lively citizens.

But if he is both a humanitarian and a nature lover he will be glad equally for the quiet uplands and the tranquil lengths of a still wild river. Comparatively wild. For of course the whole river is heavily used for water power, for sewerage and for drainage. There remain, however, many miles of riparian lands of great natural beauty—beauty which ought to be utilized.

If these lovely gifts of nature were indeed utilized in the same complete and intensive manner as the water power, the Blackstone Valley would assume new life. It would develop a spiritual power at least as great, and as worth while as all the factory power which this modest little stream could ever give. Quite probably this new power development would prove to be as productive industrially as the mechanical forces already exploited.

In short these pretty river stretches and these wooded banks could be transformed into park reserves and playgrounds for the crowded population of Rhode Island. For Little Rhody has more inhabitants to the square mile than any other state in the union, and this same Blackstone Valley is the locus of their chief concentration. Here is where we need parks and miles of good canoe water, camp grounds and play fields, skating in winter and bathing in summer. Up to the present moment improvements of this sort have been strangely, inexcusably neglected.

But it is not yet too late. There is still a remarkable quantity and quality of natural landscape beauty waiting. If it were better appreciated it might be more effectively used. It would count for health and sanity in thousands of lives. In the popular phrase, it seems to me that some one ought to sell the Blackstone Valley to the people who live there.

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Word and Deed

The Uneven Balance Between Social Research and Social Action

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

RESEARCH focussed on community progress must be seen against the amazingly swift developments of the past twenty-five years in the whole field of scientific inquiry in the United States. It has been estimated that $200,000,000 is now spent annually on research of one sort or another, including economic and social investigations. Recently, under the American Council of Learned Societies, Dr. Frederic Austin Ogg brought out a volume on Research in the Humanistic and Social Sciences alone which in spite of some notable omissions runs into 454 pages and is essentially an expansive directory of the established agencies concerned—universities and colleges, learned societies, research councils, institutes and bureaus, government and private agencies, foundations, libraries and fellowships.

Dr. Ogg points out that "the mathematical, physical and biological sciences were the first in this country to see their problems whole and to facilitate cooperation among specialists concerned with clusters of problems." We are told that the U. S. Department of Agriculture takes rank "as the largest and in some respects the most important, of all known agencies of scientific inquiry." Originally this phase of its activities was limited almost exclusively to the natural sciences, but today its bureau of agricultural economics embraces important divisions given over not only to agricultural finance and land economics, but also to agricultural cooperation, farm population and rural life. On the other hand, while the Carnegie Institution of Washington, with an endowment today totalling $22,000,000, was established in 1902 "to encourage in the broadest and most liberal manner, investigation, research and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind," its interests and activities have inclined strongly to the physical and biological sciences. The natural sciences are the concern also of the National Research Council—established in 1916 by the National Academy of Sciences at request of President Wilson, and the recipient in 1919 of $5,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation. It is today encysted in a splendid headquarters building at Washington, which absorbed a considerable fraction of its endowment, and is the symbol of the new affluence of American research. Of its eleven major divisions, seven are given over to science and technology, four to general relations which to a degree comprehend social and economic factors in relation to its prime field.

The social sciences were late comers on the campuses of the American colleges. Sumner, Ward, Brooks, Giddings, Patten, Henderson, Commons, Ely, Fetter, Farnam, Seligman, Seager, Ross, Robinson, Beard and others of our pioneers in the social and economic field, plowed furrows in unbroken ground. For the most part it was not till the close of the nineteenth century, and in some cases not until well into the twentieth, that these disciplines crystallized in national societies. Most of these are of the American model, predominantly academic in membership, but with their rosters open to interested laymen. Differentiation, national organization and now an interprofessional council has been the sequence of their growth, with emphasis on research throughout.

IT was not until 1923, at the instigation of Professor Charles E. Merriam (Chicago) that the political scientists, economists, and sociologists came together in a Social Science Research Council. This is made up of representatives of their national societies, plus those of the statisticians, psychologists, anthropologists and historians. Only within the last year has a central office been established in New York with a salaried staff which will free the energies of the officers and members for a more thorough study of the council's field and policies. An interesting phase of its development has been midsummer conclaves at Hanover, New Hampshire. The council's present budget for research is $150,000 a year. It also administers two series of research fellowships, the one for post-doctorate research workers in the social sciences, and the other for research workers in the more specialized fields of agricultural economics and rural sociology. Announcement is made of a grant of half a million dollars to establish a journal of Social Science Abstracts. Professor Wesley C. Mitchell (who has succeeded Professor Merriam as chairman in the second stage of the council's development) outlines the scope of the council as follows:

> Broadly stated, its aims are twofold: to encourage carefully planned research by cooperating workers in the several social sciences, and to serve as an informal general staff studying the larger possibilities of scientific methods applied to the understanding of man and his institutions. Pursuant to these aims, the council brings together research workers from many fields to pool their resources in attacking common problems, to avoid needless duplication of effort and the waste of precious energy and funds upon inadequately formulated research programs, to stimulate and encourage research in important fields not now covered, to further the development of increasingly scientific methods of inquiry in social studies, to make possible the substituting of more scientific social control for the rule-of-thumb methods which men have happened upon in their efforts to live together.
>
> Occasionally the council undertakes research directly through its own committees. In the main, however, it serves as a planning and consulting agency, entrusting the supervision of the investigations it sponsors to whatever organizations seem best equipped to carry on given projects. An increasingly prominent part of the council's work consists in advising with other agencies regarding their research programs.

THE last decade has ushered in new and resourceful centers for research in the social-science fields. These are often divorced from the campus, committed to research rather than teaching, and undertake a sequence of studies

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or large-scale projects (analogous to the surveys) which synthesize a wide range of factors entering into a subject.

Thus, the Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina (under the leadership of Howard W. Odum and with subventions from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation) has carried on research projects in county government, municipal administration, social history, local customs, crime, the mill village, and half a dozen phases of Negro life. In specialized fields an outstanding illustration is the National Bureau of Economic Research (directed jointly by Professor Mitchell and Professor Edwin F. Gay) which was organized with the aid of grants of the Commonwealth Fund and the Carnegie Corporation and is now raising a considerable share of its own budget. Its first major work on Income in the United States has been followed by a brilliantly executed series of studies of various aspects of the business cycle. The growth of American trade unions, the interplay of migration and automatic machinery, and a series of investigations into wage rates and earnings, labor costs and living costs, and into price fluctuations, show the range of its activities. Similarly the Institute of Economics (Washington, Harold C. Moulton, director), with a research staff of twenty-five economists and statisticians, has produced a notable series of reports on international and domestic topics, ranging from Germany's Capacity to Pay and Russian Debts and Russian Reconstruction, to the Case of Bituminous Coal and the Legal Status of Agricultural Cooperation. Other such centers in the economic field are the Institute for Research into Land Economics and Public Utilities (Chicago), the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research (Newton, Massachusetts), the California Economic Research Council, the Bureau of Railway Economics, the Food Research Institute (Calif.), the Labor Bureau, the National Institute of Social and Religious Research and a number of bureaus of business research. In political science and sociology, the specialized showing is as yet not so impressive and reference was made in earlier articles to representative agencies. With these should perhaps be linked the research staffs of various national bodies, such as those of the Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Foreign Policy Association, the Council of Foreign Relations, the World Peace Foundation, the American Child Health Organization, the American Public Health Association, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the National Industrial Conference Board, the National Child Labor Committee, the National Consumers' League and the like.

The Economic Determinism of Research

THIS flowering out of research in these fields has been in no small part due to the cross fertilization of the scientific spirit with social consciousness; to the rapid advances in personnel and techniques, idealogy and experience. But it would be blinking the truth not to point out that it has been due to fertilizers as well as fertilization; to the rise of the great philanthropic foundations and to their expanding appreciation of research as an object for outlay. By 1926, the list of such foundations had reached 150. Some of them, notably the Russell Sage Foundation, the Milbank Foundation, the Commonwealth Fund, and some of the Rockefeller and Carnegie groups, have engaged directly in research. Three foundations—the Carnegie Corporation (with its $125,000,000 endowment), the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation (with its $73,000,000) and the Commonwealth Fund (with $38,000,000), currently make large appropriations to outside research projects. An increasing percentage of the income of the first two has apparently been so employed; and if we scratch beneath the surface of the spread of research bureaus, councils, and institutes, the part which these great funds are playing appears not only in supplying the wherewithal, but in encouraging the organization, interrelation and efficiency of research as a going factor in American life.

AT the same time, mounting interest on the part of the public has led to significant applications of public funds to the same end. The nation-wide investigations of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations prior to the War was followed, shortly thereafter, by the United States Coal Commission to which Congress appropriated half a million. Similar commissions are set going by states and cities. As part of their consecutive responsibilities, our federal Departments of Labor and Commerce as well as Agriculture and the Interior, such bureaus as Education, Mines, Standards, Labor Statistics, and the U. S. Public Health Service, carry forward important investigations. The U. S. Department of Labor is perhaps the most starved of our government departments, but the interest of active groups in its Women's Bureau and its Children's Bureau has resulted in modest appropriations to them, making possible extremely creative research projects. Studies of infant mortality and infant care, of illegitimacy, of the treatment and care of dependent and delinquent children, and recently of the prevention of rickets, are but a few of the long list of contributions, both scientific and popular, carried out by the Children's Bureau under its distinguished chiefs, Julia C. Lathrop and Grace Abbott. Of late years it has responded to many requests from communities, especially from state authorities, for investigation and analysis of child-welfare problems, the formulation of plans both for legislation and administration, and the education of communities in the proper training, protection and care of children.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the evolution of these centers for continuous research, there has developed a type of occasional large-scale inquiry, public or private, more sharply focussed than the work of the older governmental commissions and well called "reconnaissance surveys of national problems." An example is the Study of Waste carried on in 1920-21 by the American Engineering Council on the initiation of Herbert Hoover, its president.

He intended the waste survey to be an economic reconnaissance—a preliminary examination of the subject with reference to its general character on the analogy of topographical and mining reconnaissance. In our talks at the time he explained that his own professional work had dealt very largely with what he described as the exhumation of the corpses of defunct mining companies, an examination of the maladies which accounted for their demise, and a listing of those maladies in the order of their importance. It was then his task to bring the corpse to life by treating the maladies; the larger ones first, the smaller, last. The methods which he proposed for the Waste Report, then, were: first, a reconnaissance rather than an exhaustive investigation; second, a definite judgment as to the relative importance of the various industrial wastes; third, suggestions as to the most practical lines of attack.

The quotation is from a paper read before the Taylor Society by Edward E. Hunt, then assistant secretary of com-

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Tools for Applying Social Research to Community Progress

A Crystallization of American Experience

By NEVA R. DEARDORFF and PAUL U. KELLOGG

1. We look to government—national, state, municipal—for current and fundamental statistics. The federal government has ever been serving us better since our first census in 1790. The permanent Census Bureau is a powerful machine for making important "parts" which we use in community research. But we need more parts.

2. We count on our social and health agencies to become more facile in the use of the facts of their work for current measurement of community conditions. They are, moreover, the places where social problems are often first made articulate, and they are places where methods of amelioration can be tried and results tested.

3. We turn to health demonstrations and similar centers of social invention to teach us how to work and create and at the same time observe intensively as we go. They are more closely akin to the experimental laboratory than to documentary research.

4. We are setting up continuing research bodies, such as bureaus of municipal research and the research bureaus connected with the new welfare councils to broaden and sharpen our understanding of the common problems of the community and to analyze and synthesize facts as a basis for practicable solutions.

5. We employ community surveys and the specialized surveys to afford opportune assays of the group factors interrelated in the life of a community and to gauge the currents of a changing fluid situation.

6. We are establishing permanent research staffs, public and private, under one guise or another, to carry forward the many-branched inquiries in applied research that reveal the configuration of our national social problems, that appraise swiftly some focal aspect of them, or reach more searchingly to their roots.

7. We look to the social sciences for advances in techniques and ideology, and because of their very preoccupations in the practical field, the attitude of social workers is one of hospitality toward the prosecution of pure research under university auspices.

8. We are building not alone on the experience of social workers, but of engineers, architects, physicians and journalists in setting up organizations which link applied research with action, to the advantage of the common welfare.

9. We are awakening to the need, in our present and enlarged front of applied research, for a comparable development of the art of interpretation. We are learning that to attempt to stuff the public with masses of information is like trying to cram school-boys with facts. The new philosophy of education calls for participation and expression as well as acquisition. Even in the higher reaches of our intellectual life, the creative implications of applied and fundamental research as to our problems of social organization tend to be short-circuited. "Social philosophy exhibits an immense gap between facts and doctrine," says John Dewey, and the writers would not dissent.

10. We seem to have entered upon a new stage in the dynamics of applying research. Much of our social investigation in America has been applied to negative evils. That was part of our experience in grappling with rapid and uncoordinated growth. We have only begun to face the problems with which our economic strength has confronted us. What affirmative values, what imperishable visions can a new and prosperous generation find as cement for its sand? We have leaned on our historic habit as rebels; more and more we must throw into gear our other great tradition—the building impulse of the pioneers. The advances in psychology may help us here in discovering springs of initiative and concert among people who are not edged on by want or discomfort, but who are facing in new guise the age-old problem of whether human beings may master not only the rigors of nature but the machines they have set up for its conquest; not only the machineries of existence but themselves. Here we find new opportunity for those rhythms we have known on our frontiers which gave us our penchant for discovery and our zest for fashioning life.

merce, in which he analyzed seven such Reconnaissance Surveys. These (with all of which Mr. Hunt has been identified or in close touch) were:

1) Waste in Industry
2) Coal Storage
3) Safety and Production, all three by the American Engineering Council
4) Business Cycles and Unemployment (National Bureau of Economic Research)
5) Seasonal Operation in the Construction Industries, both growing out of the President's Conference on Unemployment
6) The Anthracite Coal Industry and
7) The Bituminous Coal Industry, by the United States Coal Commission.

To these could now be added The Study of Recent Economic Changes, recently embarked upon at Mr. Hoover's suggestion by a special committee of which Mr. Hunt is secretary, in collaboration with the National Bureau of Economic Research.

IN the midst of this exuberant growth of research in the social sciences, rendered active by these tremendous accessions to the money at its disposal, public and private, two notes of warning have been struck: one, that with the development of independent agencies with permanent staffs, research will be divorced from its university affiliations and the sources of creative scholarship be dried up; the other, that the income of the great funds, vested in comparatively few hands and these responsible to no one but themselves, may be so directed as ultimately to "create (*Continued on page* 489)

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Europe's Getting-Together

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

OUTSIDE my hotel, Der Kaiserhof in Berlin, German crowds are shouting, "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" for the return of the peace embassy which came overseas to us last spring—yes, the "German flyers," von Huenefeld and Koehl, and their Irish pal, Fritzmaurice. Overhead the sky hums with the noise of airplanes in formation—a grim reminiscent sound; one remembers what that sound must have meant in the days that are gone, when airplanes went about these parts on errands of another kind.

Just across the street, over the embassy of the United States, floats our own flag; in front of this hotel hangs likewise the blood-red symbol of Great Britain. And all over the city is a curious mixture of bunting of German sorts, significant of the heterogeneous state of mind in Germany on the subject of flags. It is a story all by itself; I haven't time for it now; but I point out to you in passing the black-white-red, the old flag; the black-red-gold (of course the gold has to be yellow) of the new Weimar Republic, which took it over from 1848; the black-and-white of Prussia; the black bear on white with a red stripe along either side; that is Berlin. And so on—here even is the flag of Saxony.

IT is something of a joke, or would be if it were not charged with a certain bitterness. One of the big banks carries all three flags by way of compromise in case you don't like one or t'other. To the German who was pointing them out to me, explaining that the bank had "clients of every sympathy," I remarked:

"Naturally. There is only one thing more timid than a dollar."

"And that is—?"

"Two dollars. It is what in my country we call keeping your bread butter-side-up."

"Better still," he laughed. "It is German prudence—buttering it on both sides. Yes, and along the edges."

BUT I digress. Nobody minds the flags or the countries that they typify—British, Italian, French, United States—so lately "enemy" flags. I have not seen any Polish flag. That, too, is another story; it would mean the Polish corridor and Dantzig. Every German sees red about those things. They stand for the only surviving real danger-spot in Europe. But Germans are not thinking about war. They are glad those fellows went to America—including Canada, of course. They are proud of the welcome they got there. Everybody asks me if the home-welcome is as cordial as ours was. I have to answer, "Yes, as cordial, but not so noisy."

All the same, we have had trouble in getting into our own hotel, where the flyers are staying also. The police arrangements for handling the crowds are strict and most efficient. The average Berlin policeman is polite and good-natured; much less likely to be rough than our cops; but believe me, his *"Nein,"* means "No!" in any language; and *"Polizeilich verboten"* is a thing you'd better obey. Fancy the adverb on a Central Park keep-off-the-grass sign—"Policely forbidden!"

PEACE. It is the big subject in Europe. War-weary they are, and sure of the folly of it. Especially if you lose and look forward to generations upon generations of paying for it. In the midst of such an atmosphere, more than commonly dissonant comes the speech to the West Point graduating class from the Cedar Rapids point of view. It is reactionary stuff like this that makes Europeans smile at our talk about "outlawing" war. They have had experience of state departments handing out peace-talk while their Ludendorffs and Tirpitzes polish bayonets and brew war-medicine. They do not understand that the speech of an assistant secretary of war at a West Point graduation represents neither government nor people—represents nothing whatever save his own personal measure of humanity and intelligence—and blows away among the Rip Van Winkle mountains with the June breezes. Anyhow they recognize it as bugling in the rear; their faces are set toward the future. They are determined that these Troglodytes shall not set the tune of international relations.

COUDENOVE-KALERGI

East is East and West is West and here they are in one

THE speech of the assistant secretary of war jarred more than ordinarily because when I read it I was fresh from talking with an entirely different sort of person in an entirely different vein. This was Count Richard N. Coudenove-Kalergi, protagonist of "Pan-Europe," a young man of means and character who devotes his efforts to binding this Europe together and leading it out of the blind mess of inherited hatreds and jealousies for whose last immense

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eruption the whole world is paying and must continue to pay.

EXTRAORDINARILY interesting this young man; representing in a measure exceeding that of anybody else I know the new day of international mingling. Any time you hear some glib jabber of "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," consider this young man, who embodies the best of both. And then go and read that Kipling poem, and understand that what Kipling meant was that whenever a MAN appears, there is neither East nor West, but a cosmic fruitage of both and superior to both.

I never have met a more charming young man, nor a more intelligent. Still in the early thirties, he has the vigor of youth and youth's faith in his ideals; a winsome lad, determined to do his bit to unite his fellowmen in common affirmative purpose. And his blood is that of all Europe and of much of Asia. He was born in 1894 in the Austrian legation at Tokio, where his father, Count Henry Coudenove-Kalergi, was charge-d'affaires. The family Coudenove is Dutch; the family Kalergi is Greek; but this young man's mother was Mitsu Aoyama—Japanese. Nobody knows the origins of the Japanese; some say they came from China, maybe from Siam.

NOW, at that time, if anywhere, the seat of anti-Semitism, propaganda against the Jews, was in Austria; but Count Henry, who was not a Jew and who spoke fluently seventeen languages and was a doctor of laws and philosophy, wrote perhaps the first book against anti-Semitism, Das Wesen des Anti-Semitismus (The Essence of Anti-Semitism). It caused a furore at the time and his son republished it a few years ago.

This lad was brought in infancy back to Austria (as it was then; now, by virtue of the Versailles Treaty, he is a citizen of Czechoslovakia); to the old castle near Ronsperg and the German frontier, in the Bohemian forest. He went to the most aristocratic school in Vienna, and then got his doctorate in philosophy in the Universities at Vienna and Munich. He has written a number of books in the fields of metaphysics and hyper-ethics. At the core of them all is the vision of an aristocracy of character and service; of the hero, flower of the race, expressing his heroism in the service of the common welfare.

He is no ascetic; altogether a human chap. He married Ida Roland, perhaps the most famous of modern Viennese actresses.

IT is easy enough to get a vision and write books about it. Books which read well, but puff out into the circumambient atmosphere like speeches about the inevitability of war and the necessity of having lots of guns and warships which you say you have no desire to use.

But this book (Pan-Europe, by Richard N. Coudenove-Kalergi, with a foreword by Nicholas Murray Butler. Knopf. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey) has caught the imagination of Europe. You can judge the respect with which the Pan-Europe organization has been received from the fact that the honorary president is one Aristide Briand, French minister of foreign affairs. The headquarters of the organization are at Vienna, by courtesy of the Austrian government in the former Imperial Palace. Coudenove himself is the active president and executive. You might think it a personal-publicity affair, like scores of high-sounding organizations all along both sides of Main Street; but see these heads of the branches all over Europe, in the order of their organization: Austria, the chancellor, Seipel; Czechoslovakia, Ex-minister Schuster; Germany, Loebe, now president of the Reichstag; Belgium, Van de Vyvere, leader of the Catholic Party; France, Loucheur, minister of labor; Poland, Ex-minister Lednicki; Hungary, Ex-minister Lukacs; Bulgaria, Ex-minister Schischmanov; Latvia, Ex-minister Pauluks.

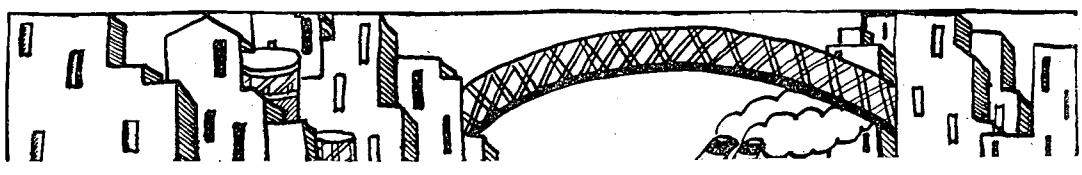
ORGANIZATION is proceeding in all of the other countries of Europe: the line of demarkation goes down the East frontier to the Black Sea, leaving Russia and Turkey on the Asiatic side. This is conceived as an affair of Europe. And it leaves out Great Britain, not only because she is not of the continent but because of the complications involving British dominions in America, Africa, the far South Seas and India. Yet Wickham Steed, former editor of the London Times, is an enthusiastic advocate of the plan.

As for Italy, Mussolini's cooperation has been sought; at this writing his reply is awaited—no telling what it will be. There are groups of varying strength and activity in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Switzerland, Spain, Rumania and Greece. And in the United States the cooperating committee, under the chairmanship of Stephen P. Duggan, includes such men as Gerard Swope, Paul M. Warburg, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, Julius Rosenwald and United States Judge Anderson of Boston.

AS for tactics—practical enough. In 1896, at the first conference in Vienna, representatives of twenty-four states participated and canvassed the whole field of possibility. Chancellor Seipel opened that meeting. The next will be held November 3-5 at Paris, under the presidency of Loucheur. It will be devoted to economic subjects.

First security—a Locarno for all continental Europe; as Coudenove puts it, "to make the boundaries invisible." Then to see what can be done about lowering the tariff barrier, which more than any other thing keeps the nations sealed against peaceful intercourse. So in due time the other more subtle barriers will fall.

The emblem of Pan-Europe is a red cross charged upon a golden sun, a cheering emblem in a world that is finding friendship and cooperation not only desirable but possible, despite the beating of ancient tom-toms by doleful Old Silurians with their faces toward the past.



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Again Those Private Palisades

"RARELY is a far-reaching reform effected until a tragic catastrophe shocks public opinion into the realization that positive action must be taken. And then it is often too late to meet the exigencies of the situation." Thus spoke George D. Pratt, former commissioner of conservation of the state of New York, at a recent conference of some twenty public-spirited citizens held in New York City in regard to the Palisades of the Hudson, threatened by speculative builders who may turn the crest of these famous cliffs into "a gap-toothed skyline of skycrapers and billboards."

Mr. Pratt is right. A Triangle fire and the loss of many lives in 1911 was the necessary forerunner to building reforms subsequently enacted to protect workers in the greatest manufacturing center in the world. Depredations upon the reserves of giant redwoods of California were countenanced before adequate measures were taken to preserve them. Too often the stable door is closed only after the horse is out.

The Palisades can still be saved. They could never be replaced. To mar their beauty is to destroy irrevocably a masterpiece of nature. Will the bitter experiences of the past bring home their lesson?

To Survey readers this timely warning of the results which may follow in the wake of the opening, four years hence, of the splendid Manhattan bridge connecting upper Manhattan and New Jersey, comes as a repetition. Anticipating future appreciation of land values in Bergen County, speculative builders have bought up large tracts of property, threatening by their building projects to vitiate to a great extent the accomplishment of a generation ago when the Palisades were saved from the destructive engines of the quarrymen. It was this story, told in the June Survey Graphic (Those Private Palisades, by Loula D. Lasker), that sounded the call to all who would prevent such a catastrophe. As a result, opposition to the builders' program is beginning to organize. Latent public opinion, already dimly conscious of the impending danger, is at least crystallizing, and should lead to definite action. As this issue of Survey Graphic goes to press, a committee of prominent citizens of New York and New Jersey is in process of organization. It is expected that by fall a permanent organization will have been effected.

MANY individuals and organizations in the metropolitan area have within these last weeks expressed themselves as alarmed over the situation. Newspapers throughout the country have broadcast The Survey's findings in news as well as editorial columns. The New York Evening Post said in an editorial:

Somewhat more than twenty-five years ago the public learned that the Palisades were threatened with destruction. The cliffs were private property and they were being wrecked by their owners for the sake of the valuable rock out of which nature, in the course of thousands of years, had constructed their majestic beauty.

"Save the Palisades!" became a rallying cry in this state and in New Jersey. The demand which thus found expression was successful. By joint action of the two states, the Palisades Park Commission was formed. . . . What the commission did was to exercise the right of eminent domain. . . . It purchased the threatened face of the cliffs.

A danger of a very different kind is now menacing the impressive grandeur of the Palisades. It is not their physical destruction which is threatened. . . . To picture the magnificent crown of the Palisades grotesquely lined with garish structures of brick and stone and steel tempts one to wish that the work of destruction a quarter of a century ago had been permitted to continue. Better effacement than defacement.

New York and New Jersey are again challenged by a situation which they can meet if they will. It is impossible for people who care for the Palisades as we say we do to see them turned into glorified building lots.

No less concerned is the New York Herald Tribune:

Not a day too soon has been inaugurated the effort by the Regional Plan of New York, the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, the Port Authority and other bodies of public-spirited men and women to save from desecration the magnificent trap-rock cliffs which have been the admiration of every visitor to New York since Henry Hudson tacked his Half Moon up the river under their shadow. . . .

The only salvation of the most picturesque and unique feature of New York's natural landscape is the setting aside of a strip of land skirting the edge of the precipice, from Fort Lee—opposite 125th Street—twelve miles north, and following the winding of the river. This can be done now at a cost variously estimated at from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000. The delay of a year or two would more than double this cost and might be too late. . . . What the Brooklyn Bridge did to increase population and property values beyond its eastern terminus, the North River Bridge will do west and north of Fort Lee. The necessity of doing what is to be done before the latter structure is completed is apparent. . . .

What is most important is immediate action. And when the danger to the Palisades becomes apparent to the majority of people in both states there is little doubt that anything that can be done to prevent their destruction will receive general approval.

The New York Evening World said:

Can the commercialization of the Palisades be prevented? Some time ago it would have been comparatively easy. By neglecting opportunities and ignoring the future, the problem has become intricate and many believe impossible of solution. The public-spirited point of view is being blurred by propaganda. Thus, one of the speculative builders says that "if a Rockefeller or a group of Rockefellers bought up all this land and turned it over to park purposes the public would simply be out of luck." This implies that the "public" is the comparatively few who would have apartments overlooking the Hudson; it does not embrace the millions who would lose through the commercialization of the Palisades. As well say that the public is out of luck because of the conversion of beauty spots on Long Island into parks for the millions, since a few men are thereby deprived of the opportunity of acquiring fine estates.

The clear intent of real estate men is to construct apartment houses along the Palisades, and these contend that this will not mar the beauty. The real estate man is thinking of profits rather than beauty; and the substitution of towering structures of brick and stone for the natural beauty which exists today appeals to him as desirable. Unless there is a concerted and determined effort, backed by a willingness to pay the price, we may as well reconcile ourselves to the loss of the beauty of the Palisades. And once lost there will be no recovery.

(*Continued on page* 487)

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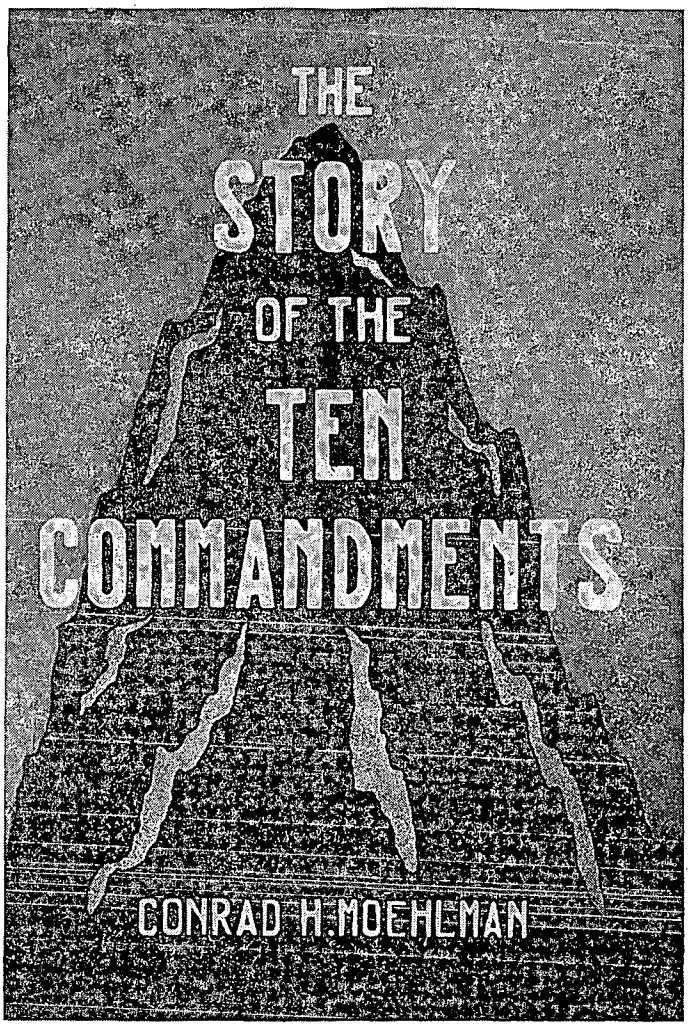
They Put Away Their Toys

ART at Walden School is very much alive. For a group of children there it has become the main current of their days. They have embarked upon a new project; they are ready to follow the trade winds. It promises to be a real adventure in living for the prospect of a broader horizon than their studio fills them with joy. And they are in able hands. For it is due to Florence Cane's vision that art under her guidance at Walden has grown gradually into a full stream of life. She is their leader, so this is her story.

About a year ago I had an uneasy sense that the children were at loose ends in art. The dynamics seemed lost—the "punch" had gone out of the picture. Formerly they would race up to the studio eager to try out their ideas of color and form. Now it was as though they had come to a halt at a place in their growth, as blank as an empty space of canvas which they could not fill. Inherently they felt the futility that lies in work without a motive. "What will we do with 'em? We don't want 'em—nobody wants 'em," thus they spoke of their paintings. And such complaints hold a truth which reflects in great part on our art today in that much of it bears no relation to the vital life of our time. Art stands apart.



Bookstores the country over are displaying in their windows this jacket by Jane Dudley of Walden School, which was bought by Harcourt, Brace and Company

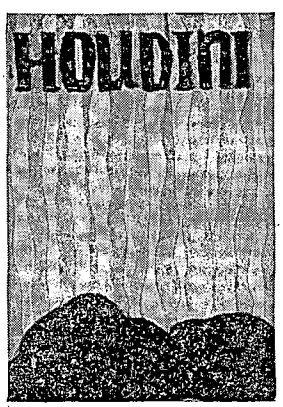
In other ages beauty was a means as well as an end. Art was woven into textiles, shaped from clay, beaten out of silver; all the tools of life were made by artists. Today the same fertile field awaits the craftsman. At Walden the children had tired of purely subjective painting and modelling. Which is only natural. What happens at fifteen or sixteen is that a door swings open to the outer world. It reveals a brilliant scene set in the shops and streets, staged in the theaters. The moment glows with magic. Youth feels life fused with art.

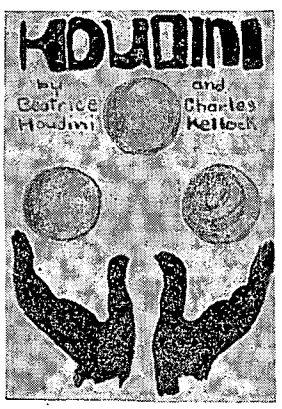
Florence Cane had a flash of what this new sense of the quality of life might mean to the group. Why not give them, alert and avid to rush past the door into the world, a chance to turn their creative energy to account? Let them put away their toys! Let them apply their imagination and originality, their facility with color and line to all forms of design which should meet the test of the open market.

Along with this inner unrest of the group, she went on to say, had grown my own wish to help them with a choice of work after graduation. Most of these young people have not prepared for college because of their interest in art. Naturally I felt a responsibility to focus their aims on practical values in terms of their own creative needs. One of the parents, Pendleton Dudley, was aware of the problem. We put our heads together. As a result there grew this idea of a Walden workshop. It should be an organic part of the high-school; it should serve as a medium of exchange between the amateur life of the school and the professional trades. It should offer stepping-stones in a dozen directions.

Before they leave Walden for life the group will have had time to explore these paths. To some, the ways of illustrating and fashion drawing appeal; for others, the lure of stage settings or costume designing beckon; while jewelry, metal work, textiles are only a few of other possibilities open to them. Already some of their jacket designs have been sold to publishers. Hope runs high at Walden. Not art for art's sake but art for life's sake.

HALLE SCHAFFNER





When the youngsters compete in making book jackets: two by Jane Dudley at left, one each by Vera Lyons and Irving Fromer

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Thunder on Both Hands

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM *by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. 495 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

EUROPE *by Hermann Keyserling. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt. 399 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW astounded and charmed his generation by the quaint device of applying reason to social facts. He prospered on the paradox and iconoclasm that this process inevitably produces. From him a whole generation learned to prize intelligence and to enjoy tearing apart the veils of convention. Shavian rationalism laughed Victorian sentimentalism into the wings. Shaw did his job so well that his present resumè of his economic philosophy sounds old-fashioned—and that, we take it, is the highest praise a thinker can win. For to make the end of a generation forget what it was at the beginning is a victory absolute. Yet the tragedy of such a victory is that it marks an end. We understand Shaw now; his critical method is inwoven with our daily thought; indeed some (not all) of his theory has been put into practice. His revolution has simmered down to evolution; the *enfant terrible* becomes the sage. So only the oldsters can appraise Shaw's greatness. Restless youth will read this book, and say, Yes, yes—but what next? That next is, I think, foreshadowed by Count Keyserling.

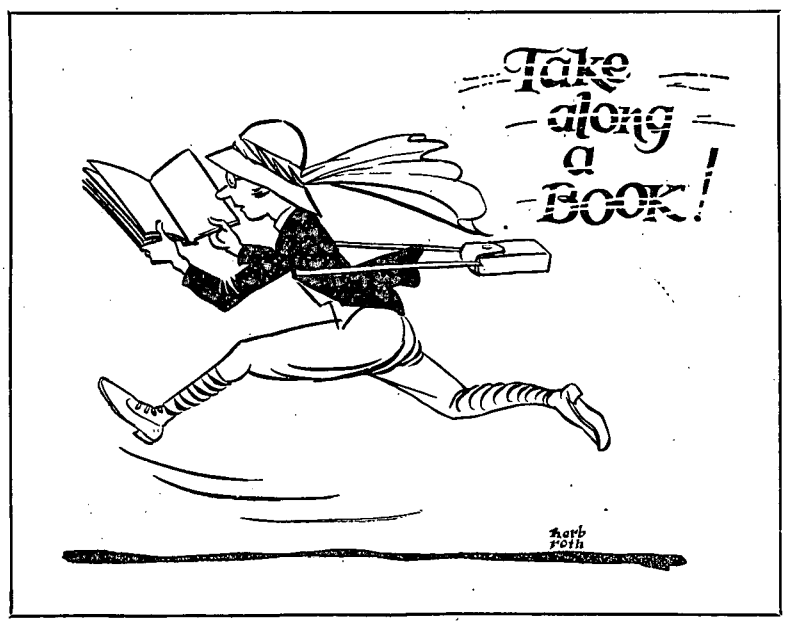
Shaw was the rationalist; Keyserling is what may be called a personal intuitionist. Shaw got his data from society; Keyserling gets his data on society from his sub-conscious; Shaw talks economics complicated by biology; Keyserling talks psychology complicated by ethnology. Shaw, like any rationalist, is a materialist; Keyserling is a mystic who believes nevertheless that human destiny is realized here on earth. You can enjoy the dizzy experience of standing on the divide between two eras if you read them both.

This 500-page tract of Shaw's, vertitably his last will and testament on economic matters, for there's nothing left to say when he's done, is addressed to that intelligent woman he has always teased and defended. She exists numerously today, partly because he created her image. He uses a lot of gay sex-appeal to drive home his propaganda; but the Shavian wit is present only in the pervasive irony and the sardonic asides. The book is too serious for jesting. Yet it is extraordinarily clear and readable (provided you take it in broken doses); and a monumental simplification of the social view of national wealth.

One cannot review an economic cosmos, but the equator and poles of the book are these: Capital means spare money; that is, present and perishable commodities that somebody is generally consuming. Capitalism means the control of these goods for private and selfish ends. Socialism is defined here as the concept of dividing national wealth so that everyone gets an equal share. This division is to be secured by nationalization. Every person gets exactly the same: each deserves a certain amount just as a human being; anything more is unnecessary as incentive, and injurious as a luxury.

SHAW rejects the other six proposals, to-wit, that each get what he produces; what he deserves; what he can grab; or that the commons get a living, the gentry the rest; that incomes be equal inside different classes with different scales; or that we go on as we are. The rest of the book is a painstaking scrutiny of everything about our income—the uses thereof, and the consequences to persons and institutions of the ways we get it, and how inomes are distributed through the nation.

It is an Englishman's socialism: give each a fair and equal income, and he will realize his talents in a kind of free competition. There is no need to worry over eugenics, for nobody knows how to be eugenic. Prohibition is a wise thing but pointless, since if there is no poverty there is no need to get drunk. Biological progress will follow, since free intermarriage between classes by people who love and are not seeking economic ends will be guaranteed by the new equality. Education will be for real ends in living, since without castes there will be no need for caste education. The incentive to work will be supplied partly as ever by Mother Nature's demands, partly by the joy of creation. We shall have more liberty, since the natural limit on liberty has been the lack of leisure. International war will disappear, since every-



Window cards, above and on the page following, drawn by Herb Roth for the National Association of Book Publishers

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body will use his income as quickly as possible and not save up supplies to finance foreign investments when the home market is glutted.

Mixed with this are abc lessons on money, taxes, credit, banking, war debts, trade unionism, population, et cetera. In short, whatever is concerned with income is there. Whatever isn't, isn't—and that seems to me a great deal!

I do not pretend to pick out the particular fallacies or inconsistencies of this most flexibly interpreted economic determinism. They are there though, for the system is too complete and too rational. It answers too much. But this tract is the encyclopedic last word on fifty years of thinking about socialized wealth. It can replace on your bookshelf devoted to bread-and-butter matters, all the Socialist commentators save Marx and Henry George and the poets like William Morris and Ruskin. It has the advantage of all our trial-and-error data in this field, and all the criticism from anti-Socialists. Much of what Shaw hopes for seems good, and three-fourths of his practical criticism of our present system is true. It is a final and heroic book.

But though we shall be busy for decades working out some of Shaw's prescriptions, our interest has turned from economics to personal psychology. The new age of reason is based on behaviorism rather than on economic determinism: and neither is as interesting as personal adventures in a world of mysterious psychic forces. We cannot agree that rich and poor are both unhappy only because both are victims of the bad distribution of work and incomes. There is something else: something to be realized not through Shaw's common-sense, but through intuition; something so vague yet that I am always talking about it, yet never making clear to anybody what it is I am talking about. That is the trouble with intuition—it does not readily submit to the conscious logic of language.

OF this new reality, Keyserling is at present the major prophet. He is always going around letting his ego—a magnificently developed and extremely self-confident organ—register peoples and philosophies by intuition. In the present volume he is the prism that breaks up the spectrum of Europe: he registers the spiritual climate of the principal European nations in what he terms "the spontaneous formations of my unconscious." He admits that his ironic and satiric side is in control, and hopes nobody's feelings will be hurt. He implies that one must have a sense of humor, be a good sport, and have an imbedded feeling of superiority to withstand the terrible power of the autonomous personality speaking with self-legislated authority. One must.

In dealing with egos, one takes them as they come—how else? Count Keyserling's contains some remarkable pro-Teutonic politics and some purely Hermann prejudices. At moments, too, he employs an ingenious dialectic to arrive at an obvious and for centuries admitted conclusion that obfuscates both himself and the reader in the vapors from his own Delphic tripod. But these are the perils and the thrill of the new method. You get the kick Shaw gave us thirty years ago before he became clear and finished—a classic in his own time. In spite of all his vanity and pontifical dogma, and the terrible convolutions of his own scheme, Keyserling is for me the most profound and stimulating interpreter of what we are trying to tell ourselves is truth.

The problem is to reveal what a nation means to itself, to other nations, and to God. Keyserling tries to do all three, though I feel that he personally assimilates himself closest to God, and for the rest bears a marvelous likeness to a German. Confound it, can't I stop poking fun at the good man—just as all of us once did at Wagner's music and Shaw's plays!

At all events here's a digest of his unconscious toward England: With an Englishman, the emphasis lies not on the conscious but on the unconscious. He works not by intelligence, but instinct, rising at his highest to intuition. The average Britisher never reflects. When he does, he is devastating or exceptional. He is the animal man, and adjusts psychically to life as others do physically, and so becomes the ideal model of the political animal. Hence his skill in handling human material is extraordinary. He is essentially lazy—plays and rules while the ruled do the work. He adjusts so rapidly and automatically that he will find himself at home soon in the new age wherein will be no place for the pleasant aristocratic gentleman's world. That will survive as a private possession, not as a state theory; and must be preserved, for the same perfection will not occur again.

All that seems pretty trite, but the fault is that my unconscious is a poor agent for Count Keyserling's. It is said with intricate design and subtlety of thought that keep your wits on tiptoe. I don't know what he would say to the question as to whether Francis Bacon, Newton, Malthus, or Darwin ever reflected. Probably that he is talking about the mass-people, not its "sports."

The French is the universally intelligible life-form, its focal center in the conscious, within which the intellect is supreme; and it has created a perfect language for itself. The Frenchman is supremely a gardener: all his arts arise in domestic harmony. Hence he is static, and lost in the post-War flux; his "finishing-school" gifts can play their part only in imparting perfection to an accepted world. But France gives form, and form alone imparts reality to the spirit-content. Keyserling thinks the French may save love, which is disappearing from the rest of the world with its tom-boy and chum types. So it goes, each nation psycho-analyzed with a multitude of brilliant asides and cases. He will indict a whole nation on an incident in a Pullman. The German is an isolate monad preoccupied with the object in a world of theory. He is the scholar-spirit who will apparently do the thinking for Pan-Europe. The Spaniard's secret is the pride or aloof self-dependence of the man disciplined by the desert. The Hungarian is the residual aristocrat. The Italian is the natural, plant-like man, indestructible, of a cultivated primitiveness, and in need of a hero—vide Mussolini and D'Annunzio.

I must let you read for yourself how he puts Europe back together again in the last chapter, and entrusts to her the salvation of the human spirit from the chauffeur-age now regnant in America and Russia. It is good fun—and more. For if these outpourings of the most fertile mind in Europe today are full of a cloudy vain-glory, he seems nevertheless to be using our new tools to deal with old truth. He talks our lingo, and the chaos he personally conducts seems more likely to be real than the tongue-and-grooved Utopia of the late Bernard Shaw.

LEON WHIPPLE

"Who Is Hearst? What Is He?"

HEARST, *by John K. Winkler. Simon & Schuster. 354 pp. Price* $4.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is a phenomenon. Biographer Winkler is right. As journalist, as human, he is an appearance in time, an outbreak of cosmic energy that does not make sense and a genius in that he did new things that left his age different, yet remains personally inexplicable. But the author only proves the phenomenon, he does not interpret it, so that his heterogeneous and dislocate collection of

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personalia and chronology gives only the superficies of Hearst (often astounding enough) and does not explain his amazing deeds or his subjective urges. The psychology of Hearst and the sociology of the Hearstian career only peep through the anecdote and factual record.

Hearst is important. Item, he exerts more print on the American people than any other source. When Mr. Winkler wrote, Hearst owned twenty-five newspapers, nine magazines in this country and three in England, an outfit of film and feature services, and distributed a Sunday magazine section to around five million people. He has been publishing some of this for over thirty-five years. If print can do things to people, Hearst is guilty of something. Item, as the author says: "He was unquestionably the originator of modern journalism as it is known and has largely shaped the manners and morals not only of journalism but of his generation." Of the last, I am uncertain. Maybe his generation made Hearst's manners and morals. But he certainly ranks with the three great journalistic innovators before him—Franklin, the elder Bennett, and Pulitzer. And in the creation of journalistic techniques as contrasted to social service he is the greatest of them all.

Even the tabloids did nothing new. They served half-portions of what Hearst offered in double orders. List 'em: screamer heads, black-face, comic strips, cartoons, wrapping up in the flag, spread-eagle editorials, sex, sports, speed of editions, tomorrow's paper today, colored newsprint, Sunday swill, news-making, hiring big names, advice to the love-lorn, social service and charities, pictures! Name one external element he did not invent, order, or foster to full fruit. Name one spiritual element he did! He has made type dance for the demos. But where did this Pied Piper lead them?

Well, he has always been for "the dear people." His defenders say he pointed the way to many of the popular reforms won by Roosevelt and Wilson. He did make vocal certain great wrongs and organized our discontent, but as Mr. Winkler points out, he was never really an economic radical. He managed to get along with Wall Street and his advertisers. He and Brisbane have both gotten very rich. But no great measure or movement is associated with his name. He knew how to move the people, not where. He has been right often because he has been everything often.

But, says Mr. Winkler, "He has never won the American people because they distrust his motives. They will accept entertainment from Hearst but they have no confidence in his intellectual sincerity. He is one of the most melancholy figures of our time." I can't agree. Hearst has burned incandescently in the constellation of his choice. He has been himself—though he has remained uneducated, and never guessed what life is all about. Ripe for his plucking were the first fruits of the regimented common schools and the first great wave of urban life. He acted on them like a natural force: he followed his daemon, striving somehow through control of popular print to express and decorate his personality. He learned how to capture the crowd. Perhaps the rest of us would be wise to borrow some of his tools—for nobler ends.

LEON WHIPPLE

New Wine in Old Bottles

SHIPWRECK IN EUROPE (*A Freudian Adventure*), *by Joseph Bard. Harper. 314 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

JOSEPH BARD scoffs in his beard: at fool Americans, at fool analysis, at pretty much everything. With a mordant sort of irony which is the product of a bitter wit plus a deadly sense of futility, he proceeds to trace for us the pilgrim's progress of a sad young man—a little better than a Babbitt, a whole lot lower than a Bard—who deserts America for Vienna. In his folly, Ulric Raphael Smith (of all the names!) is rash enough to hope that he might gain deeper insight and finer values from European culture. Lo, the poor boob! That world must remain a closed door to the seeker born outside its inner circle; the common denominator between new and old will always equal confusion; so in the end a complex returns to his native land, a sadder but wiser butter-and-egg philosopher.

By means of a group of portraits that fairly come alive, set into scenes vivid with the color and spirit of Vienna, all this framed by excellent talk, the author plays up the distinctions in civilizations. There can be no fusion; they can never merge. Each retains a separate identity of custom and thought, to the degree that their own Tokay differs from the wine of California. To both the same sun, the same rich earth favored by the vine, but none the less, in the essence of their grapes lies a special quality as intangible as subtle—not unlike the Viennese soul perhaps—that ripe and mellow distillation of how many varied and violent centuries?

Granted. But Mr. Bard is oh, so very, very hard on us! We are left with only our redeeming faults to fall back on; not even—to drive a metaphor to drink—does he admit that new wine might gain in flavor, however slight of course, by lying awhile in older casks. Alas and alack, we must contain our own crude souls and continue to ferment in our own vulgar way—not that they are ever vulgar there! Well, we shall face cruel facts as best we know how: Humble but hopeful, we'll simply have to stagger along.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

THE GROWN FOLK COME TO SCHOOL

(*Continued from page* 474)

buttons on my coat, but some men I see has but one," was the wise counsel of one of the older heads when too large a loan was asked for. "I'll jes hab to sit an' listen," said a new member when called on to speak, "I'm green now." "We'll dry yo' out soon," called out the president. As the years have come and gone, the younger leaders have taken their places with the larger knowledge, and cooperative buying and selling are carried on, a credit union has been organized, and a group of farmers are shipping their potatoes, peanuts and turkeys cooperatively.

In cotton days, life went round in a never-ending circle. We planted cotton, chopped the grass, then bought food for cattle and people. The merchants loaned on the crop. The debt was paid when the cotton was sold. The new loan was taken out for the next crop. "We owed it before we growed it," said old Prince, and as he sat on our porch one autumn morning he told me he had paid every debt he owed. "How much have you left?" I asked him. "Jes fifty cent," was the reply. Yes, it was living on a merry-go-round, though it was seldom merry!

The cotton had certain great advantages. Money could be seen at the end of every row. The people knew how to raise it, for it was a hand-down from generation to generation. Cash is terribly needed in rural communities and the lack of it drives the young people to the cities where it can be picked up as a less seasonable commodity. But the disadvantages loom large, too. It is a robber crop, and when it is raised as the one crop it means a land and a people growing poorer. Cotton, poverty and illiteracy are close neighbors when you are talking about the farmer who raises cotton for a living on a few acres. The women and the children did much of the work and their time was never counted in the cost of the crop.

The boll weevil discovered all the weak spots in the system and helped to bring in the larger freedom to the people. But unless adult education can travel along with the economic changes, there is little chance for the small farmer. A new strength can develop in this search for new crops and in the experience of handling them for market. Eight years of small beginnings we have had but if we measure time as the Orient does this is only the start, and one can't rush civilization, which is always a slow process. We realize that only the surface is scratched and there is still a far greater depth to be plowed.

But while the sea island long staple cotton seems to be beaten by the boll weevil, early maturing seed has made the short staple a possibility and there are visions of the idle cotton gins again getting busy on the islands. Young demonstrators are using improved seed and improved cultural methods and unless the season is entirely on the side of the weevil, cotton has its chance. But it must take its place alongside the other crops. The struggle is on, and conditions hold a threat which serves as a spur to the young.

On my way to the sea islands years ago I had seen the truck gardens about Norfolk, an omen of the new days in the coastal plains of the Carolinas. The beginnings had been made about Beaufort. Would these people on the nearby islands, I asked

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myself, be able to hold their lands? Would the lands be able to hold them? Often we would stop a young fellow driving an ox-cart and ask him what he had been doing since he left school. Usually the answer would be, "Nuttin'" and with a few more questions we would find that he was busy on the home farm. One morning when we met Roachie on the road with his cart full of marsh grass, I asked him the usual question and received the usual answer. Even when caught with the goods, farming was "Nuttin'."

IT is no wonder that Roachie skipped off island when his first opportunity came. That family numbered nine and the father was ill. The mother has spent much of her time at the oyster factory, where she earned about twenty cents a day shucking oysters brought up the little tide rivers in the oyster boats. A beautiful picture they make as they creep in at sunset time, sometimes the rowers singing as they swing along, but a dreary picture it is when you follow them the next day and see the women and girls standing in the wet as they shuck all day and receive their pittance at the end of it according to the number of cans they turn in. They raised enough sweet potatoes to carry them through the year, and enough grits and peas, but when the taxes were paid and the church and society dues, there was little left to make home attractive to a bunch of growing boys and girls, no chance to build the new rooms needed to give them privacy and comfort. So the drift away comes very easily, for a change could hardly be for the worse and they hear of the gold and the good times in the city.

Here on this little island of black people a man is a man who owns his own acres. And a love for the land has been inherited too, a love which comes to the front when it comes to a question of selling. Here is but a small group of white people, and between the two races has always existed the friendliest sort of feeling. Here the Negro can prove the stuff that is in him. But a motive for life is needed. There is gold in the land for them as well as for the large farmers on Port Royal Island, if only they know how to get it.

We knew that the young generation would have to make an economic advance were the people to continue to hold their lands. That negative "Nuttin'" had to be changed to a positive, and that was possible only by ranking agriculture with arithmetic in the school and by organizing farm life as far as possible in the community. So the farm women had to come into our scheme of education too. The boll weevil has made household problems and there must be an educated motherhood as well as an educated fatherhood.

I believe the demonstration method is the biggest principle in rural education. The education that goes home is what really counts. "You have opened my eyes, and I wish I could go back twenty years," said one of the club women when she showed us her hundred pure-bred Rhode Island red chickens raised from the clutch of eggs and the four hens and one rooster she had purchased at the school. When our cooking teacher became the home demonstration agent, home-makers clubs organized themselves on the different plantations. So long as school girls or school boys are learning far in advance of their parents so that there is a gulf instead of a bridge between them, a lot of our education can fall by the wayside! But when they can go home and find those parents keeping abreast of the times too, the whole family are "climbing upstairs."

I SAID the home-makers' clubs organized themselves. Yes, that is the way it is done. The teacher talks with one of the women on the plantation who has shown an interest in the work. She sees her neighbors and they come together for a meeting called in one of the homes. "I listen to as many of the women who would like to talk, after we have opened with devotions, and then I tell them about club work and we elect our officers," is the brief description of the organizing given by the teacher. This seems very simple, and right in these words "I listen," lies the philosophy of the movement. Teaching too often is talking before the ground is plowed and cultivated and so the harvest is necessarily meager. Instead of trying to fit a cut-and-dried plan to each club, the members talk over what they want and the plan fits those desires.

Gardens come to the front—again the influence of the bo' 'evil! So the club works on how to make the corn, okra, bean, and tomato plots better. The beginning of the gardens on St. Helena was in the cotton rows, for there was the only fertilized land; so the tomatoes began their struggling existence in competition with the cotton. Tomatoes led the van, for they are easily grown and easily preserved for winter use. You will also hear them talking about the kind of meals they are serving and "a balanced menu" has come into their vocabulary. Chickens and eggs for home and shipping, how to improve the kitchen, and of course lessons in canning, preserving and pickling. But there are also discussions on the church and Sunday school attendance; on ventilation; demonstrations in renewing shabby furniture, dressmaking, and the care of babies—and here the school nurse and the home demonstration agent are working in cooperation; shabby yards, bedroom contests, flower gardens all have a place. If you were to see the list of subjects taken up in the year's work by these club women you would literally go from A to Z, and in the program you will find listed and celebrated an "Achievement Day" which helps them to give a visual report on their efforts. This beats any of the usual, prosy, written club reports. "These teachers are here to lif' our boys and girls upstairs. Too many fall on their way up! I am one myself who slip, so now I cyant 'spress myself as I wish, but it's in my head," said a parent. But in the scheme of Penn School that parent is climbing the stairs with her own children. She is standing on tiptoe to keep up with them. Not all the women in the clubs are parents of Penn School children, nor are all the parents of the children in the clubs, but the yeast is working on many plantations and neighbors are seeing actual results which preach the sermon to them.

CAN the small Negro farmers hold their land, is the question to be answered. In the search for new money crops, will these peoplle be driven to the wall? Not only has the boll weevil changed the economic situation but taxation has become a terrible burden at a time when the struggle is at its height. A bridge has been built between Beaufort and Ladies Island, linking St. Helena with the mainland, a bridge which may prove to be a blessing or a curse to the Negro farmers. Good roads and easy transportation make a nation great, said Robert Bacon many years ago. But there must be an equalization between the cost and the means of producing that cost if sound economics are practiced. If automobiles and the pleasure of tourists are the main objects to be considered, this Negro community has but to grit its teeth and make the best possible struggle to show it can hold on even if it is taxed to the limit of its earning power.

Under the old cotton regime there was little danger of losing the land, for the Negroes hold in small tracts; but now that trucking has come into the picture there comes the temptation, for the smaller acreage can be used and is wanted. Never in the history of this sea island has there been so great a need for a school with an all-year-round program that tries to fit into the whole community life. The larger tools and ways are necessary. We have come from harness mended with a string to automobiles, from the ox to the tractor, and the young people who have felt the pull both ways and who are giving of their best in leadership are the hope of the island today. There is a constantly increasing group loyalty as there is an expanding experience in team-play. The conservatism of the older farmers is gradually disappearing. The ditches are being dug!

WHEN one of the older farmers had to be forced to join in the cooperative ditching and as a result was able to report a fine crop so that he could pay his debt of two hundred dollars at the store, a debt of ninety dollars on his house, pay for repairs on his buggy and farm tools, and put some money in the bank, the big farmers' fair audience listened to hear him speak about the clearing of the main ditch on his plantation. But not a word on that delicate subject. As he took his seat, one of the men called out, "What about those ditches?" Quietly looking about the audience the farmer replied, "Dem ditches ain't do one bit ob harm to my lan'!" The main ditches in our community education have been dug. The roots of a new motive power are planted and young farmers are looking out on a new day. To meet it, productive capital must be secured and a positive, progressive attitude toward farming will mark not only the advancement of the individual, but the advancement of this cross section of the Negro race.

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AGAIN THOSE PRIVATE PALISADES

(*Continued from page 481*)

That the situation is felt to be of vital import throughout the United States is evidenced by an editorial in the Dayton, Ohio, Herald which reads in part:

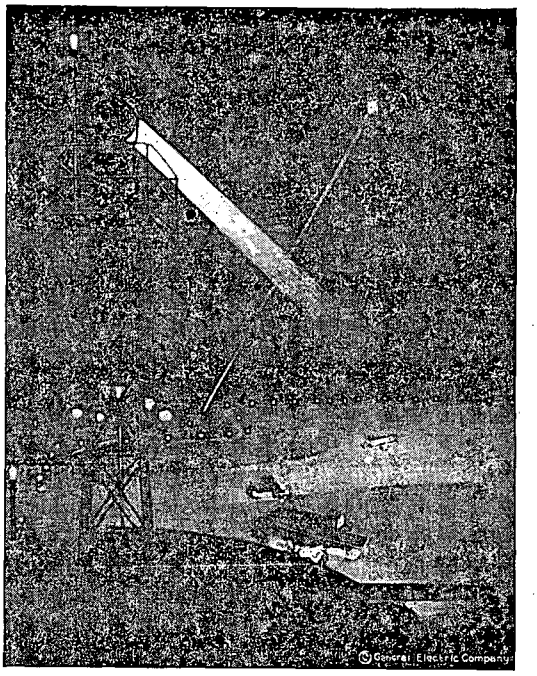
Americans will be more than mildly interested in the effort now being made at New York to preserve the Palisades along the mighty Hudson River. These cliffs are one of the most interesting sights in the vicinity of the metropolis. They should be preserved in their original majesty and beauty for all times. . . .

New York faces a big problem here and the longer it delays adopting a constructive course the harder and more costly it will be. How it moves to meet it hence will be of interest to all Americans who have seen the Palisades and to all who hope some day to see them.

The signs of the times are encouraging. We can not yet afford, however, to rest on our laurels. The final outcome cannot yet be predicted. It is too early to indulge in optimism. A great campaign of education must be planned. A stiff battle must be waged. The forces of selfishness and inertia overcome. Covering legislation of no small magnitude must be passed by New Jersey. Great sums of money must be granted in all probability by the public treasuries or raised from private sources in New York as well as in New Jersey. No easy task this. But the splendid beginning that has been made within a few weeks gives the right to hope that "it is not impossible that New Jersey would respond to a high call to dedicate the land for public use by passing the necessary condemnation bills; that it is not impracticable that New York and New Jersey and citizens of both will shoulder the financial burden together."

It is for the citizens of these states to decide. They should give no uncertain reply to the stirring appeal recently made by Cass Gilbert, architect of the new bridge, who asked: "In these days when it is no uncommon thing for a wealthy New Yorker to put a half million dollars into preserving a bit of canvas two yards square that carries an ancient masterpiece, can we, for the price of a couple of dozen such canvases, allow such a masterpiece as the Palisades of the Hudson to be scrapped?" Within next year at the latest the final answer must be given on the Palisades.

Is your city on the Air Map of America?



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THE ROMANZAS TRAIN SENORA NURSE

(*Continued from page* 469)

I could stand it no longer, and I told the whole Romanza family just what I thought of such extravagance.

"Why, Mrs. Romanza, this is terrible, to saddle yourselves with such a debt, and to be so foolish in the use of this money which, no matter how dishonestly won, should be used for your children's education, and food. I, with no family, have no overstuffed furniture, and certainly would not purchase all these useless things on a time payment."

But this and much more was simply breath wasted, as the whole crowd started in volubly explaining, that "the Señora herself had told them they must try to be Americanos now, and not live like those dirty Mexicans who had only a bed and a stove in their houses. And did not the Señora Jones, that nice American lady who lived next door, buy her home, her furniture, and even her clothes, by paying so much every month? Ay! Indeed they would now be respected by all, because of that nice new car, in which they should ride about like ladies and gentlemen."

As I told the family what I thought of them, I happened to glance where Grandma sat in her usual corner by the stove, and I could have sworn that a naughty wink flitted for a moment across her immobile face.

MONTHS rolled along. Maria gave birth to a son. The Romanza boys worked when they felt so inclined but loafed most of the time, and night after night were out in the Dodge car with certain "jazzy" individuals, whose society must have made quite a hole in Juan's pocketbook. But to the rest of us, like a lull before the storm, came a sweet period of relief. I, for one, was so disgusted at the Romanzas and so discouraged at the shining examples of American citizenry they had chosen to follow, that I just let them alone. I even suspected Jose of bootlegging, for I could not see how they were still existing on the remains of the lottery check. I knew it was too good to last, and sure enough, one day there came an urgent call for the social worker and myself.

We found Mrs. Romanza in an aggravated case of hysterics, rolling on the floor and shrieking maledictions on every one, Maria walking and wringing her hands, Juan sitting morosely on the porch, and a crying bunch of youngsters adding to the bedlam. After we had sternly made the sobbing women brace up and tell us what was the trouble, we learned that the last of the lottery money had been brought home by Juan the night before to finish making the payments on the many debts, and, while the family slept, it had mysteriously disappeared. Mrs. Romanza accused Juan of stealing his own money and spending it on himself. The girls were sure that Felipe had come home in the night and stolen it. "Ay, Señora," they wailed in concert, "today comes the man for the furniture money, and now he will take away all our beautiful piano and stove of white, because we cannot pay for them. Now must we depart back to Mexico and live with the pigs, curses be on the robbers who have stolen our all."

Somehow my eyes wandered to the face of the old grandmother, and what I saw there made me resolve to have a little private conversation with her later on. I took her for a ride in my car as I had done on previous occasions and, safely out of sight of the Romanzas, she poured out her confession to me after I had asked her point-blank if she knew where the money was. The stony calm of her old face was suddenly broken up into waves of both laughter and tears as she poured out the full measure of her crime, into ears which she seemed to know would not be other than sympathetic.

"You see, Señora, it is like this. In Mexico always we have plenty and live on my little farm, and all those baby are happy and so is Elisa their mother. But when we come to this country all they want, like so many Americanos, is money and good times.

"Then, when comes this lottery money, they all go mad. In Mexico, Elisa is glad for one floor, not of dirt, in my house, but here must she have those rugs of silk and wool. In Mexico, we bake our *tortillas* on one stone oven, but here must we not only have a gas stove, but it must be so grand it make me

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think of the Virgin's altar. Too, must we buy and only half pay for the big piano for music, the phonograph and that big car in which I think those boy go straight to Hell, pretty soon.

"So last night when come Juan with that money for make more payment on those thing, I get up in the night, so-o-o still, and steal it. It is here over my heart, Señora, and there will it stay until we get back to Mexico when I will give it to Juan to whom it belong, so he can buy him those chickens and ducks he so much like for the *rancho*. As for that Jose, he will always be so lazy, but he can play for all the *fiestas* and sing like an angel, so he will also be happy. They are poor again, and now they are glad to go back and live on the *rancho* with their Grandma, away from all this what they call 'hooch' and those so bad 'jazz baby' who would break my heart.

"I love all these children like my own, and I know this America is not good for us. If only Elisa, my daughter-in-law, were not so silly—but it is no use to wish for brains where there are none! God will reward you, Señora, for all your goodness, and we will be happier in Mexico with a little, than with many debts here and in the end nothing. Naked came I into this world, and naked I may go out of it, but at least I will not die with my debts not paid. Tomorrow we trade the car so big, for one little truck, and then—*adios*."

I did not betray the confidence of Grandma Romanza, even to my friend the social worker, until on the day of their departure for Mexico. We were standing in the door of the Charities office when they drove past as they had come, in a cloud of dust. As we watched them—headed toward Señora in a Ford truck with all their household goods hanging from the rear, the little Romanzas piled on top of the load, and that idol-faced Grandma serenely queening it over all—we heaved a sigh, partly for our lost opportunity to still make good Americans out of these children of the sun, and partly I must confess, of relief from worry over their many misdeeds. Then in a sudden burst of uncontrollable laughter, the story of Grandma's treachery bubbled to the surface, and while we wiped the tears of laughter from our eyes and the dust clouds settled into the highway, we heard afar off and very sweet in the distance the faint tinkle of a guitar, and the mellow voice of Jose:

Adios, adios mi patria,
Adios—

WORD AND DEED

(*Continued from page* 478)

a nation-wide limitation upon the freedom of human thought and human action."

So far as the first point goes, it is countered that the immediate effect has been to stimulate rather than to enervate research training in the colleges, that individual research fellowships and grants have freed countless scholars for research otherwise beyond their grasp, that several of the universities have set up research councils of their own, and that there is constant interplay between faculties and the various short-term research projects, which recruit from the former and turn teachers back the richer for their outside contacts. At the same time, many of the large-scale inquiries are of a sort which can best be served by mature men on long-term engagements, corresponding to other scientific vocations for which college life is a preparation.

On the second point, F. P. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation, in an address (1925) before the 27th annual Conference of Associations of American Universities, made this statement:—

In my opinion, the real danger lies, not in concentration of wealth, or in conservatism or radicalism, but in a misunderstanding of function. Danger arises whenever any group with power in its hands, whether it be a state legislature, or the board of a university or of a foundation, believes it to be its business to use its power to direct opinion. Any such group is a dangerous group, regardless of the manner of its make-up and regardless of whether its action is conscious or unconscious, and, if conscious, whether benign or sinister in purpose.

Let me add that a comparison of the programs of the foundations say of five years ago and of today, will, I think, show that the foundations themselves are coming to have a progressively

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clearer understanding as to the distinction between the advancement of knowledge and the direction of opinion.

The foundations are subject to swarms of appeals and showers of unappraising applause; their own functioning suffers for the lack of that kind of serious outside scrutiny which their funds often supply for other departments of life. The difficulties of the "philanthropoids," as Mr. Keppel has dubbed his compeers in the art of dispensing funds, are real. But from the standpoint of applied research, the dangers anticipated by the teaching professions are matched by dangers sensed by those whose lively concern is with community progress. There are great subject areas which are favored by the foundations; others which are neglected. By making grants or refraining from making grants in given fields, they are legislating hugely. Certain of the foundations are disinclined to make grants for studies in controversial fields, but these may be the very spots where illumination is most needed and where research should throw its shafts. More than that, in avoiding the charge that they are not out to coerce opinion, the tendency is often to declass as recipients for grants some types of organizations which have a penchant for bringing things about. There results a tendency toward affluent research bodies and poverty-stricken agencies which are endeavoring to effect results. Membership organizations erstwhile engaged in securing constructive action now bend backward lest their functioning in that way may disqualify them for support for their fact-finding.

Meanwhile problems may be approached resourcefully from one angle, congenial mayhap to the business or technical mind, while other angles which have to do with the organic struggle of the community to set its house in order, are left in obscurity. We run the risk of being the best informed, but most inhibited of democracies.

Thus our federal prohibition amendment was the most sweeping piece of social legislation that ever attempted to regulate the manners and morals of a whole people. How has it been enforced? What have been its results? In England it would be the subject of a royal commission and a white paper. It has gone for ten years without comprehensive inquiry in the United States, either public or private. The Social Science Research Council has had a committee on Sources of Information Concerning the Operation of the Eighteenth Amendment. Its report shows the lack of data and the bristling difficulties for gauging results, but it is dubious if an exhaustive investigation will be attempted in any quarter. It has been the settlements, with their slender resources but essential dynamic, that have had the initiative to attempt to gather testimony as to the social consequences of our half-enforced prohibition*—the settlements and the churches. For it has been the Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches that has also ventured to take up this hot poker and others of its kind—the current coal strike and the oil issue as it has entered into the relations of the United States and Mexico. It has been such organizations as the Consumers' Leagues that have ventured to grapple with heated industrial problems where light as well as heat is needed. It was the Twentieth Century Fund (Boston), one of our smaller foundations, established by Edward A. Filene, which made the initial grant to a committee of physicians and laymen who are grasping nettles in a study of the Economics of Medicine. The incisive inquiries into industrial relations in mining, merchandizing and manufacture, and into unemployment by the Division of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foudation, under the direction of Mary Van Kleeck, is an exception that goes to prove a broad rule.

Where We Fall Short

WE may not have primary poverty, in the European sense; nor even to that extent that we experienced here in an earlier generation; but neither have we the provisions which European statesmanship and social concern have worked out for those who, because of these hazards, "drop through." Our surface prosperity shared in by those who succeed, tends to blind us to the sapping and mining which goes on beneath the surface. Yet we are the richest country

* Does Prohibition Work? by Martha Bensley Bruère. Harper. The results of an inquiry by a committee (Lillian D. Wald, chairman) of the National Federation of Settlements.

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in the world, in the midst of our longest period of prosperity, with funds such as no civilization ever had at its disposal to inquire into causes of social distress and to handle them constructively. What of our stewardship?

AT the time of the industrial depression of 1921, under call of Secretary Hoover, a President's Unemployment Conference was held. This stimulated studies of industrial cycles and of seasonal regularity in the building industry. The resulting reports and their delineation of points where bankers, engineers and executives could exert themselves, their emphasis on, for example, statistics of stocks in hand as guides to merchandizers and manufacturers, are thought to have had definite results in bringing greater stability into American business operations and in avoiding or tempering cyclical depression. The factors entering into this sustained prosperity are the subject of the new reconnaissance survey mentioned on Recent Economic Changes.

These developments are matters for congratulation; business stability makes for labor security; yet it should be borne in mind that unemployment is rife in coal and textiles; that our rapid mechanization since the War is held by some observers to have created a permanent body of unemployment; that throughout this last winter we were faced with emergent unemployment situations in many of our cities; that the formulae for meeting them, worked out in 1921, remained dust-ridden and our communities went through the old rigmarole of spasmodic relief; that unlike England or Germany and other of the continental countries, we have no system of employment insurance and have made no thorough studies of the need for one; that we have few experiments with unemployment reserves, and only occasionally challenging attempts at regularization by management; that our labor statistics are so meager, compared with our market reports, that we can only guess as to the number of men unemployed, much less have we accurate gauge of the causes of their unemployment; that we have allowed our Federal Employment Exchange system, inaugurated during the War, to dwindle into ineptitude, and that in the seven fat years that have intervened we have not adopted federal, state or municipal legislation that would carry out the recommendations of the conference of 1921 as to public works reserves, so that public construction and employment may be swung into line when industrial operations are off.

These social aspects of the unemployment problem are today the subject of inquiry on the part of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor of which Senator Couzens is chairman; nor have they gone without investigation in the past. The Russell Sage Foundation, under Miss Van Kleeck's leadership, has carried on several notable explorations, resulting in such authoritative volumes as Public Employment Offices, by Shelby M. Harrison and his associates; The Burden of Unemployment, by Philip Klein; Employment Statistics for the United States, carried out under a committee of the American Statistical Association. Special studies have dealt with the irregular employment of longshoremen (Charles B. Barnes), insecurity among coal miners (Louis Bloch), and the seasonal fluctuations in millinery (Mary Van Kleeck). Unemployment insurance has been one of the major concerns of the American Association for Labor Legislation under John B. Andrews; its regularization has been taken up by such employers as Sam A. Lewisohn, president of the American Management Association; the Pollack Foundation studies have dealt with some of its causes; the Industrial Relations Counselors are making a study of voluntary plans for unemployment compensation by American industries; studies of the labor market, mechanization and migration enter into investigations under the National Bureau of Economic Research and the Social Science Research Council; the International Labour Office has published its report on the stabilization of employment in the United States.

Yet in spite of these inquiries, we have let the hazard of insecurity of employment swing just as we let the hazard of industrial accidents swing. The rapid spread of safety engineering and the workmen's compensation movement in the last twenty-five years gives encouragement to the hope that advances in this other field (*Continued on page* 496)

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EYE SIGHT CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA—L. W. Wallace, President; Guy A. Henry, General-Director, Times Bldg. New York. Conducts a national educational campaign to promote eye hygiene. Urges correction of eye defects, protection against hazards, proper lighting. Comprehensive publications—lantern slides—lecture material. Cooperation of social agencies invited.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 28 Protestant communions. Rev. C. S. Macfarland and Rev. S. M. Cavert, Gen. Sec's; 105 E. 22nd Street, New York City.

Dept. of Research and Education, Rev. F. E. Johnson, Sec'y.
Commissions: Church and Social Service, Rev. W. M. Tippy, Sec'y; International Justice and Goodwill: Rev. S. L. Gulick, Sec'y; Church and Race Relations: Dr. G. E. Haynes, Sec'y.

FOUNDATION FOR STUDY OF PROHIBITION AND THE NEGRO—H. J. Mason, Director, Research and Publicity. M. W. Dogan, President; I. Garland Penn, Founder. Wiley College, Marshall, Texas.

HUDSON GUILD—436 West 27th Street. Dr. John L. Elliott, head worker. Non-sectarian neighborhood house; organized to make effective in the community better ways of living and working together thru co-operative effort. Social, educational, recreational activities for men, women, and children. Health work; Athletics; Neighborhood Theatre; Mental Hygiene clinic. Supported by voluntary contributions and memberships.

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NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,034 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 159 American secretaries at work in 49 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC. (est. 1912, incorp. 1914), 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. (tel. Algonquin 9690). Promotes as its chief object the building of character in the children of America through the harmonious development of their bodies,

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DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL AGENCIES

minds, and spirits. Its method is, in co-operation with other organizations, to originate and disseminate educational material in the form of posters, books, bulletins, charts, slides, and insignia. Through its "Knighthood of Youth" it provides homes, schools and church schools with a method of character training through actual practice. Officers: Dr. John H. Finley, Pres.; Charles F. Powlison, Gen. Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, mental and nervous disorders, feebleminded-ness, epilepsy, inebriety, delinquency, and other mental problems in human behavior, education, industry, psychiatric social service, etc. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin" monthly, $1 00 a year.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK— Porter R. Lee, president, New York, N. Y.; Howard R. Knight, sec'y, 277 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. The conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quartely Bulletin. The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in San Francisco, California from June 26th to July 3rd, 1929. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS— Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President. Mrs. A. C. Watkins, Executive Secretary, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. To develop cooperation between home and school, and an informed public opinion which will secure highest advantages for all children.

NATIONAL COUNCIL, CHURCH MISSION OF HELP— 27 West 25th St., New York. Agency of the Episcopal Church dealing with problems of unadjusted youth through social case work method. Seventeen units have been established, maintaining staffs of trained case workers in nine states.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN— 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Clearing house for 35 women's organizations. Valeria H. Parker, M.D., President.

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To create and stimulate health consciousness and responsibility among the colored people in their own health problems.
To recruit, help educate and place young colored women in public health work.
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NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS— Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, Associate Director; B. Franklin Rover, M.D., Medical Director; Eleanor P. Brown, Secretary, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. Studies scientific advances in medical and pedagogical knowledge and disseminates practical information as to ways of preventing blindness and conserving sight. Literature, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, charts and co-operation in sight-saving projects available on request.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR INSTITUTION EXECUTIVES AND OTHER WORKERS—At the Children's Village, Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. To furnish adequate training to properly qualified people wishing to engage in, or already engaged in, institution work. Provides opportunity for carefully guided study in all phases of institution management and activities. Aims to furnish a trained personnel for child caring Institutions. The first and only school of its kind in the country. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 17 Madison Ave., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Miss Rose Schneiderman, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the department of Child Welfare, Economics of Prohibition, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Racial Groups, and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication: "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

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WORKERS WANTED

WANTED

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will be equally rapid when they come, but money, research and initiative are not as yet behind them in any large way.

The situation is illustrated by the case of Detroit in 1927, when from ten thousand to sixty thousand employes were laid off by the Ford Motor Company and its subordinate industries, and where household and community life were scotched. Here was a great test-tube, in which could be observed the most spectacular entrepreneur of his generation and the thousands of workers to whom he had given employment, going through the throes of a mighty shift as he changed the models of his cars. The process of realigning the working force to a new scheme of production, the earlier process of shaking them loose from the old scheme, and the intermediate stage when they found themselves at loose ends in the matter of livelihood, afforded a situation for study which can all but be compared to the eclipses of the astronomers.

Between hard times we are proverbially short-sighted, and no public nor private agency of social research squeezed the significance out of the trenchant if localized crisis with which Detroit was struggling—nothing to compare, for example, with the way our medical and health formations would have scrutinized an epidemic of a sort likely to crop out elsewhere. While hundreds of thousands of dollars, from one source or another, are turned into scientific studies ranging from plant lice and sleeping sickness to the psychology of adolescence, we let go with only scattered or piece-meal attention these great acts in the drama of social adjustment to the tremendous machineries of existence which are conditioning the life and labor of all of us.

At this stage our scales are unevenly balanced as between social research and social action, as between static inquiries and the dynamics of their application, as between fishing in quiet pools of observation and casting your line over the troubled waters. Not only do these disparities enter into the trend of foundation support, but in our Community Chest cities, agencies which not only get at the facts but endeavor to bring things about against the stereotypes of current thinking, are often discriminated against. Even in getting individual contributions, agencies which may be charged with the heinous crime of "propaganda" suffer a disadvantage as contributions to them are not, under certain federal rulings, deductible in income-tax returns. As a consequence, such agencies may be excluded from chest support lest they disqualify the whole lump.

On the other hand, the inveterate habit of Americans to "do something about it" is on the other side of the scales. And our impulses reach back to the yeasty experiences of old frontiers and new. Just as we have invented research councils, reconnaissances and demonstration centers, so we are inventing new social formations which combine an active membership, a constructive purpose and the habit of building programs on applied research. They are promising beginnings which hold out hope that their research functions can be segregated and safeguarded without cramping the instigative functioning of the organizations themselves. The field of social work is rich in precedents of such combinations in the past—in the dual rôles of charitable societies, settlements and national social agencies and in the experience which took shape in our surveys and in the set-up of our community formations. The foundations themselves have exhibited this juncture of exploration and initiative, notably in the early work of the Rockefeller group under Dr. Wickliffe Rose in studying and eradicating hookworm, and in the current health-demonstration projects of the Milbank Foundation, under the direction of John A. Kingsbury, and of the Commonwealth Fund under Barry Smith. In research as in life, the academic tradition is likely to be modified. Adults are interested not only in learning facts but in putting them to work.

Interpretation

WHATEVER the final equilibrium with us between research and action, there is one connecting link which clearly calls for reexamination and reinforcement. That is interpretation. Wartime propaganda fuddled the minds and frayed the nerves of the American public. There has been a healthy recoil against it, so extreme in fact that it has tended to include activities that are genuinely educational. Millions of dollars go into publicity in the United States, other millions into research; but comparatively little into straight interpretation.

For one thing, we have only embryonic channels through which progressive men and women in one professional group can keep in touch with advances made by their compeers in others (such as The Survey, the weekly journals of opinion, forums). For another thing, we have had spirited employment of the exhibit in the United States, but nothing comparable to its development in Europe as a method for spreading facts. For a third thing, we have not shown the adroitness of commercial distributors in employing the radio and the movie or the graphic arts; nor have we devised adequate means for outflanking their mass regimentations. For a fourth thing, the problem of book publication has scarcely been scratched; there is no adequate scheme for circulating the findings of research.

ONE of the great foundations spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on an inquiry of vital public concern; the reports were run off by a commercial publisher in editions of two thousand—a tremendous reservoir of fact; tiny spigots. In another great private project, the field work covering several years had been completed, and cordial relations established with public and private bodies in position to follow this up; but reports were issuing from the press before the responsible agency grappled in an all-round way with the problem of seeding its results down among the public in whose behalf the work had been carried on, and on whose response hung the outcome—whether the undertaking would be fertile or sterile. Congress made no provision for publishing the results of the U. S. Coal Commission's report until long after its investigations were completed; there has been no public follow-up of its recommendations and the present strike in our bituminous field, with its thousands of people out of work, but registers the general disorganization of an industry to diagnose which we spent half a million dollars. In contrast, results flowed from Mr. Hoover's Waste Report. Similarly, the report of an extensive study of race relations on the Pacific Coast, in which several university groups collaborated some years ago, remains unpublished; in contrast, the California Housing and Immigration Commission, addressing itself to the bitter situation emerging in the Wheatland riots, linked research with publication, education and ultimately with administrative action, in ways which revolutionized sanitary and school conditions in the labor camps and organized the fruit harvest so that employment of migratory labor was revolutionized. A metropolitan sewage commission in New York spent five years gathering the facts of harbor pollution; its comprehensive reports have largely remained archives. In contrast, the New York Port Authority, under the leadership of Governor Alfred E. Smith and the imaginative craftsmanship of Mrs. Moskowitz, set about educating the people of two states so thoroughly as to the meaning of its early findings, the needs and opportunities, that it was not only commissioned to dig the greatest vehicular tunnel in the world and build the longest suspension bridge (spanning the Hudson and piercing the Palisades) but itself became a new instrument of democracy, applying the principles of the private business corporation to the public service.

In these contrasts we have the nib of the situation. The need is for far more than circulating the results of investigations. The need is to conceive of applied research as an organic process, in which interpretation, by the investigating staff or by cooperating agencies, begins early and calls for a considerable share of the total outlay of time, money, imagination and energy, so that findings will pollenize both the general public and the key forces in a democracy. We must match our development in fact-finding with a comparable development in spreading understanding and engaging centers of initiative. This is what is involved if social research is to be *applied* not only as a process of induction but as one of construction.

WORD AND DEED
(*Continued from page* 491)

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